

EXCERPT: Sally Armstrong on the women of Afghanistan

FILM: Brian D. Johnson on Cannes

Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

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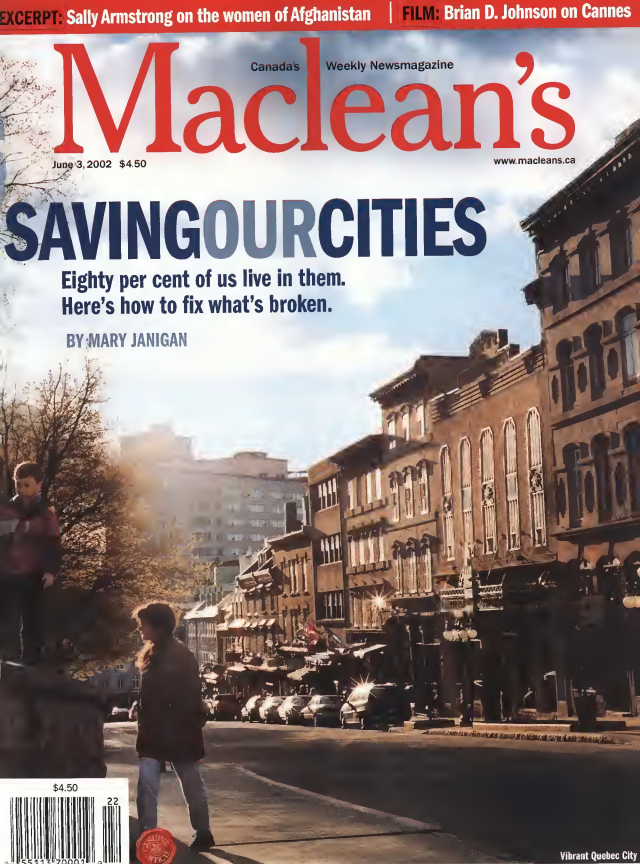
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This Week

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22 COVER SAVING OUR CITIES

Poverty, traffic jams, housing woes. After three decades of urban decline, Canadians are belatedly realizing that their wealth hinges on the health of their cities. Governments are gearing up to help, but the fix will require more than money.

FEATURES

30 Ethics—or tactics? At last, the Chretien government responded to corruption charges with a promise of action. Was the PM seeing the light—or buying time?

32 Lives of girls and women A new book by veteran journalist Sally Armstrong, UNICEF Canada's Special Representative in Afghanistan, chronicles Afghan women before and after the overthrow of the Taliban.

46 Riviera rendezvous The 55th edition of the festival sparked what was arguably Canada's ultimate show of force in the event's history, with Atom Egoyan and David Cronenberg both promoting features.



Maclean's is published weekly except for extended masthead closures on special occasions, which occur on the following weeks: August 19/20/21, 1997; 1998; 1999; 2000; 2001; 2002; 2003; 2004; 2005; 2006; 2007; 2008; 2009; 2010; 2011; 2012; 2013; 2014; 2015; 2016; 2017; 2018; 2019; 2020; 2021; 2022; 2023; 2024; 2025; 2026; 2027; 2028; 2029; 2030; 2031; 2032; 2033; 2034; 2035; 2036; 2037; 2038; 2039; 2040; 2041; 2042; 2043; 2044; 2045; 2046; 2047; 2048; 2049; 2050; 2051; 2052; 2053; 2054; 2055; 2056; 2057; 2058; 2059; 2060; 2061; 2062; 2063; 2064; 2065; 2066; 2067; 2068; 2069; 2070; 2071; 2072; 2073; 2074; 2075; 2076; 2077; 2078; 2079; 2080; 2081; 2082; 2083; 2084; 2085; 2086; 2087; 2088; 2089; 2090; 2091; 2092; 2093; 2094; 2095; 2096; 2097; 2098; 2099; 2100; 2101; 2102; 2103; 2104; 2105; 2106; 2107; 2108; 2109; 2110; 2111; 2112; 2113; 2114; 2115; 2116; 2117; 2118; 2119; 2120; 2121; 2122; 2123; 2124; 2125; 2126; 2127; 2128; 2129; 2130; 2131; 2132; 2133; 2134; 2135; 2136; 2137; 2138; 2139; 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From the Editor

Saving Liberals from themselves

A friend and I talked recently about a mutual acquaintance—a devout Liberal who was an associate of Pierre Trudeau, and remains a big fan of Jean Chrétien. But in the early '80s, he confessed he hoped the party would lose the next election—so it could cleanse itself, reassess its goals, and one day return, purged, to power. After the defeat in 1984 by Brian Mulroney's Progressive Conservatives, our friend remained a fast soldier of the Liberals until they returned to power in 1993.

In Ottawa last week, I met several Liberals who share that weary view of their world. It used to be true that while the Liberals did nothing, they did it with style. These days, they do things badly, and graciously. As we saw last week with Public Works Minister Don Cousens—whose family didn't pay for a two-day vacation as a house owned by a provincial

terms. On several levels, Hager proved he's the real deal as an MP from 1973 to 1997, he's ardent, consistently consistent, committed, comfortably bilingual, and has the royal jelly essential for a leader. Never mind whether you like his policies, with an election probably at least two years away, what matters now is whether he can make the Libs think twice—or even once.

The PM took a baby step in the right direction last week with his declaration that "we all make mistakes"—a routine admission from anyone due the amount to a major confession from him. But his proposals to tighten ethics controls won't be enough until and unless he agrees to appoint an independent ethics councillor who reports to the House of Commons—in the Liberals promised in 1993—rather than to the PM. It is now the case.



For Michael, there was happy news from the capital last week. Ottawa Editor John Golder is this year's Martin West Goodman Canadian Newman Fellow, meaning he'll spend nine months at Harvard, starting in August, studying public policy.

This is one of the most prestigious fellowships in North America, and that's why it's so pleasing that the politics, after intense competition, chose so well. John will rub shoulders with some of the most important thinkers in academia and elsewhere, meaning that while we'll surely miss him, he—and therefore we—will ultimately gain greatly from his time there.

Andy Vukobratovic

These are reasons why you should wish Stephen Harper well—at least for the short

response@edmonton.ca or comment on From the Editor

Maclean's

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Thanks for having the drive to be a kid again.



2002 MAZDA DEALER OF DISTINCTION AWARD WINNERS



Mazda Canada is proud to present this year's Dealers of Distinction. Judged by consumers as well as Mazda, these dealers achieved the highest standards in customer service and sales. Thank you for refueling the child-like joy of driving in all of us.



Anonymous donor

While the problems faced by children born through donor insemination are understandable ("Who's my birth father?" Cover, May 28), the concerns of donors should also be appreciated. Leaving aside the danger of antiquated attachment to the belief that his identity became known and the feelings of guilt if the kid has problems, there is the possibility of maintenance claims. In view of these risks, it is a wonder that such donor sperm

Don McLean, Calgary

Disinfectant such as those around as how we too often expect science and money to grant us that which nature has denied. Now these women and children who have been given the gift of life want more. Stay tuned for the child support battles.

Kelly Macdonald, Calgary

Lopsided relationship

I read with great interest the May 20 editorial titled "The unity of our identity crisis." Our uneasiness about our relationship with the United States seems from the actions of the U.S. government with regard to their foreign policies and American's unique sense of peace and self-righteousness. As Canadians, we should be more



openly critical of misdirected American policies and we will see that we are, in fact, very much different from our neighbours. To a certain extent we have done so by continuing to trade with Cuba despite the draconian terms of the American Helms-Burton Act. Our reluctance to confront our greatest trading partner has hurt us in many ways. Let us assert our sovereignty and distance ourselves from the Americans who face a society in decline.

Wahid Tabatabaie, Vancouver

Focused on living

I applaud you for letting William Gilpin share his experience and views ("Slow progress," Essay, May 20). I can only hope it will help many people see beyond all of the hype and hoopla that promote toxic poisons in "life-extending treatments" for people with HIV/AIDS-related fears and conditions. Your readers should know that Gilpin is not alone. I have met hundreds of people who have also dropped the drugs and taken a no-nonsense approach to rebuilding their health. Like Gilpin, these people decided to stop living in fear, expecting illness and death, and focused on living and expecting health instead. Many have stated that they believed their decision to stop taking these extremely toxic "treatments" actually saved their lives.

Michael Oliver, President, HIAL (Health Education AIDS Liaison) INC., New York, N.Y.

I appreciated the article by William Gilpin, however I found his attitude on the issue of being gay in today's society to be selfish. With gay pride parades reduced to blatantly ritualistic sodomit attractions, and with the banal Ellen Degeneres and Queer as Folk on television, many gay people feel everything is finally going their way. What I guess that is why drug and alcohol use and HIV rates are so high in the gay community. Underlying homophobia and intolerance makes us victims alike. Until homophobia is no more, the

An affair to remember

Here we go again: a negligent Liberal government squandering our tax dollars ("The machine gets tough," Canada, May 20), a Prime Minister who is too busy building a career, looking in his pension, and protecting his crutches to be of any beneficial public service. Recall all those past years where this money mismanagement occurred with the regularity of a sunrise, only to be clouded over with facile statements of presidential changes. I challenge Andrew Gordon Sheila Fraser to make this appropriation of spending practices common. Let this affair be the one that the bureaucrats remember when they waste our money around.

George Wapsh, Mississauga, Ont.

cases of HIV in the gay community will never come down.

Michael Smith Jr., Toronto

Worth repeating

Thank you so much for printing Jane Williams' eloquent "A debt to a neighbour" (Over to You, May 20). In one gentle, gracious page, she has summed up what we, as Canadians, have most wanted to hear from our southern neighbours. Wouldn't it be nice if other U.S. papers picked it up and published it, as you did?

Joel Mullis, Vancouver

Once bitten...

No doubt, some Canadian investors in Russia are ripped off ("Ripped off in Russia," Canada and the World, May 20). Come to think of it, so are some Canadian investors in the U.S. and—of all places—even at home in Canada. Hence, I am peeved by Maclean's wholesale indictment of Canada's efforts to improve business

CLARIFICATION

We may have left the impression that the photograph on the cover and on page 34 of the April 22 issue ("Paradise found") showed the Margaret River in Cape Breton. In fact, it's the nearby Cheungung River.

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The Mail

relations with Russia. If anything, both the government and the private sector deserve praise and encouragement for trying. My trip to Moscow last February as director of the corporate governance program in Russia at York University had nothing to do with trade promotion, but it coincided with the Russian visit of Tom Clancy (also blasted by Merloni). I saw scores and scores of Canadian business people in discussions with their Russian counterparts. They seemed to know perfectly well that doing business in Russia is very risky. Were those hard-nosed and obviously astute Canadian investors fixated in the up-off story really so naive and un-informed not to know the chances they were taking in Russia?

Peter F. Bertha, Toronto

Teaching doctors

The innovative medical education described in your article "Building a better doctor" (Cover, May 13) are to be commended for breaking out of the traditional medical education model that has been the accepted standard on this continent for over 50 years. The Flexner Report, which was published in 1910, revolutionized medical education, moving it from what was, essentially, an apprenticeship-type training into established educational institutions which, at the time, possessed the only authentic scientific consciousness. But with the modern advances in communications and increasing sophistication, the time has long passed when it is imperative that medical education should move to a more appropriate, decentralized model. The educators who are taking these bold steps, as outlined in your article, need to be encouraged and supported in their endeavours.

Dr. Andy Huxley, Ottawa, O.C.

To set the record straight, Western medical school is committed to educating doctors to meet community needs by a combination of focused service learning and exposure to patients and practitioners in urban, London and rural southwestern Ontario. Rather than being "wounded," as your reporter suggested, I am excited by the opportunity to build the Southwestern Ontario Medical Education Network, which links London with Windsor and some 60 rural and regional educa-



It's just a movie, telling a classic story

tional settings. In connection with McMaster, and other Canadian medical schools, Western graduates are learning to practice in multidisciplinary teams where knowledge and skills are shared in the best interests of patients.

Dr. Carol F. Holwell, Dean, Faculty of Medicine and Dentistry University of Western Ontario, London, Ont.

There is nothing new in exposing fresh medical students directly to real patients. France has been doing it since long before the Second World War and has produced excellent practitioners. I was one of a few French conferees, while I was being bombarded with lectures, book wisdoms, etc. for three years at a university in the Netherlands before our arrival, let alone touching a sick person. Tell McMaster not to worry. It is on the right track.

Dr. Pierre Riquen, St-John, N.S.

The essential Star Wars

What is it with Bear Johnson and his movies? He stages democracy whenever he can, usually at the expense of the armed forces which protect it. He did it when reviewing *Black Hawk Down* ("Oh! What a lovely war," *Times*, Jan. 21) and *Wet Hot Summer* ("In the mood for war," *Times*, March 23), and now with *Star Wars Episode II—Attack of the Clones* ("Send in the Clones," *Times*, May 20). In his latest small, but snide, snide, as he wraps up a review what is usually at odds with the opinions of several people I've talked to, Johnson grossly misleads. "Yet there's something alarming about seeing so much firepower harnessed to rhetoric about saving democracy." Does he think a democracy can simply announce to the rest of the world, "Hey, we're democratic, leave us alone!" Democracy must always be ready to fight to preserve itself.

Don Petherick, Glenora, Ont.

"Send in the clones" is a load of drivel written by a) someone who doesn't understand the *Star Wars* universe (although this is a minor point) and b) writes about it like *Star Wars* is supposed to be a perfect movie that should live up to everybody's expectations. Get over it. It's a movie, telling a classic story of a hero's race to glory, his fall to the evil side and his redemption—no more, no less.

Chuck Spadaccia, Calgary

Foth touches a nerve

Allan Fotheringham is correct, I am naive ("Boy, are we ever naive," May 20). Foolishly, for years I thought he was a supporter of Canada. Rather than boost or be constructively critical of things Canadian, Fotheringham recites and carries off bygone days and concludes by sharing his certain knowledge of our demise. Wake up, Fotheringham. You might find more than a few who care very much about this country.

Reuben Wright, Dan, Ont.

I never thought I would appreciate any of Allan Fotheringham's columns but "Boy, are we ever naive" deserves an accolade. Of course, I have heard this broken record—"the Americans don't know us"—for at least 45 years. We have a big load of problems. We think we can afford any immigrants who say "I'm a refugee." We could have started fixing our broken health-care system years ago. These two stars disappear as from Americans. Let's stop acting like immature children and find reasonable solutions. That's a better way to achieve an identity.

André H. Pettigrew, London, Ont.

Doth Foth show the worth of words? Canada, with its 30 million people, has accomplished more than any other 30 million in the world. Check it out! The big five U.S. will have a currency attack before I find any alphabet with a use, and there are many more of us who will agree: Up the Beaver! Pluck the Eagle!

Beth Winkler, Oshawa, Ont.

My relatives landed in Picton, N.S., in the 1700s. I served in the Royal Canadian Navy in every theatre except Okinawa and Burma from 1941 to 1948. I don't need Fotheringham's ridiculous comments. Suggest he moves to the United States.

Barry McLeod, Colville, Ont.

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Overture

Edited by Shanda Deal with John Intel

Over and Under Achievers

► **Ben Beukla:** Public looks at reader's stance—I did nothing wrong but I sure wouldn't do it again—a laughable. Binder Boy is a bird.

► **Michael J. Fox:** Applauded for testimony on Parkinson's research at a U.S. Senate committee, the actor displays will and dignity that transcend in-auche celebrity culture.

► **Maureen Karp:** Nothing wrong by the book in the recent tip general taking \$1,000 a day to lend the friendly fire inquiry. Would have been nice, though, if he'd done this one from a sense of duty.

► **Roger Grimes:** Newfoundland premier unleashes the F word in a speech to kill. Several said: Premier what the [bleep] were you thinking?

► **Ray Remarque:** Former NDP premier now health-care royal commissioner; calls on his old party to explain how they'd pay for medicare expansion with tax. Attaboy Ray, keep it real.

► **Drew Hargreaves:** Calgary soccer star shines in World Cup warm-up matches for England (He can play for them because his brother was born there.) SM: he'd look better in maple-leaf red.

► **Paul Merlis:** Uggie promises to merge their hedge-podge dog-market regulatory system. "The status quo will not wait" he mumbles. Not talking about the PM—this time.



Smith takes aim at shoddy shooting gear.

Lights, camera, and a whole lot of action

L ooked in vests made a well secured, no release. In Bantley B.C., it's enough firepower to launch a coup d'état payroll, or arrange a terrorist cell. Whatever form of playmen the movie industry desires, **Kevin Stodolyk**, president of RMS FX, and **Carsten Smith**, the "head armorer" will bring both safety and authenticity to the set. US superheroes quest? Naturally. Can M.I.6? Why not add the optional grenade launcher? Style conscious? Consider the *Reckler & Koch* UMP, a "New Age" submachine gun almost entirely made of polymer plastic.

RMS FX is in its third year as a federally licensed provider of authentic firepower and rubber bullets to B.C.'s \$1.2-billion a-year movie business. Almost as valuable in a land lacking a gun culture, staff such as weapons handling, safety, tactics, and ensure such prohibited weapons as machine guns don't stray from the set. "A lot of American actors are very familiar with weapons," says Stodolyk, who is also a consultant with the RCMP. Otherwise it is Bantley. "A lot of Canadians are actually afraid of them because they've been taught or bred to believe that guns are evil."

Guns phobic and ignorance not only run afoul of actor's credibility. They're a danger to the set, says Smith, a former soldier. Even blank ammunition can kill. Smith is "hyper-critical" of the shoddy gunplay in some action movies. The company has armed such Canadian shows as *Cold Squad* and *Da Vinci's Inquest* and such local packing stores as *Winley Stripes*, *Kiefer Sutherland* and *Dennis Hepper*. And it's providing the armaments that *Burnaby* based game giant Electronic Arts will portray in its next James Bond video game. A booming business in every sense of the word.

See MoreOver

TRUE NORTH



True North, strange and freezing

Does American moves to Canada equate to culture shock? That's the premise of *True North*, a new spin-off comic strip that has been picked up by a handful of North American newspapers including the *Calgary Herald* and the *Detroit Free Press*. After living for years in development as a comic strip, *Kevin Fong* reveals that he has one question in his

mind: "I'm the dumb American in the strip," laughs Fong, a graphic designer who created a Canadian and moved from Chicago to Toronto, Ont., in 1996. "Since it's pretty much about life, I'll never run out of material."

The daily strip—which is under contract with Universal Press Syndicate, distributor of *Doonesbury* and *Zippy*

—plays upon the quirky differences between the two countries. And Fong takes shots at some of Canadian stereotypes, including beavers, the metric system, pacifism—and an overly politically "tagged" risk. Is the single most bizarre thing about living in Canada? says Fong, 38. "I've been here for four years and buying milk is a jag still cracks me up." New Fong hopes *True North* will have a similar effect on readers.

Julie Iselin

Smelling your palm and other cheese-tasting tips

In late April, the seven-member jury of the Canadian Cheese Grand Prix 2002 met in Québec for two days. Their mission: determine Canada's best cheese. While a fairly straightforward task, it wasn't easy with 126 entries vying for regional supremacy.

When cheese tasting, away of the somers come into play. The cheese must be visually stunning and when touched have the appropriate texture and firmness. A special test is con-

ducted to assess aroma—simply placing a block of cheddar under the nose was not it. Instead, jurors rub a small sample of cheese into the palm of their hand, close one hand over the other, raise them to their nose and inhale. "This also helps you see the texture and gives you an idea about the flavor of the cheese will be," explains juror president Jacques Gosselin, a food scientist and academic professor at Laval University.

Some cheeses demand their own specific tests. For example, mozzarella is judged on its melting abilities, and the egg—better known as brie—in Québec, are measured for consistency and how distribution. But all cheese eventually faces the important final challenge: the better test. To ensure the best sample of taste, but compare jurors taste either cheese before, measure the full-bodied varieties. Because cheese flavor and texture are used in between bites to cleanse the palate. Each tasting takes about 15 minutes, and each entry is tasted out of 100. "Cheese tasting can be a hard manual," says Gosselin. "It's not difficult to do the tasting, but it's tough to stand from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m. and discuss it."

This year's Grand Prix of Canada sponsored by the winner for the best cheese panel went to the Québec-based Meunier M. Dufour. So far, the winner of the Grand Prix de la Région de Québec washed red cheese stands alone.

Illustration by Matthew Northcott



Overbites

"The last two rounds, the character of our team has been a reflection of us. We're a bubbly and a warm and all around just a nice group. We don't have always been open to us, and we want to do this for him." Toronto Maple Leafs' *The Devil* on coach Pat Quinn, who spent most of last week in the hospital with a heart embolism. After missing Game 3, Quinn returned for Thursday's 3-0 loss.

"Just really like only see him when he's on the ice for a couple of minutes or in the meeting for a couple of minutes. You just see him just as much as we do." *Leafs' Steve Nash* is a reporter, who asked whether Quinn's absence has an effect on the team.

Acceptable but not equal

As one would expect, a new study shows that Canada's acceptance of homosexuality has greatly increased over the last three decades. In 1975, only 14 per cent of the country thought same-sex relations were "not wrong at all." In 2000, that number rose to 44 per cent. And those who favor them "always wrong" dropped from 63 to 32 per cent. The most accepting Canadians are 18 to 34-year-olds, women and residents of British Columbia.

One surprising finding in the University of Cambridge study is that, while in 1990 81 per cent held the belief that homosexuals were entitled to the same rights as other Canadians, only 71 per cent held that view now. In the past decade, its gays and lesbians have become more vocal in their pursuit of marriage, adoption and spousal benefits. Nonetheless, little visible reluctance to extend full rights. Borne acceptance is still a sensitive topic.

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Over to You **EUGENE WARWARUK**

How we kept the farm

It was always a fight. It seemed every night a different creditor would call, and Dad would do his best to explain why he couldn't pay the bill. Crowded around the table, we ate supper silently, listening as he pleaded for more time. Then he would sink into his chair and try to restrain the appetite to eat his cold food. I felt sick with despair, praying when he staggered at Mom for having supper late again. Everyone knew that with seven kids to look after, it was a miracle anyone ate before 9 p.m.

The bank loan Dad took of money to finance through the 1970s on our farm near Erickson, Minn. Feeding cattle was like playing the stock market. What was lost on one bunch was made up on the next. Then the market nose-dived—while Dad bought a big bunch of calves at \$1.35 per pound. Selling at 72 cents per pound, we lost \$110,000. That was 1981.

Every spring through the '80s, Dad somehow convinced the bank to give us another chance. By the time we got the money, the planting season was so late that the crop-frost, so we would harvest the following spring, pushing that year back. And so the cycle continued.

Farmers need a deep reservoir of hope. Dad was no different. He looked forward to every harvest with a renewed sense of optimism. "Looks like a bumper crop this year," he'd say. "Well, me, this year's going to be different."

My older brothers, Chris and Lawrence, and I had questions and doubts. Do I even want to farm? How can we buy feed, or gear? If you're handed it that way, we would be in this mess. Everyone pointed fingers. Sometimes I wondered if I could last much longer in all of this negativity.

Mom also had a deep reservoir of hope, but it was for her family and her marriage. The farm crisis took a terrible toll on two people already suffering from loneliness and lack of communication. Mom and Dad finally separated in 1989.

My youngest brother Eric, fiercely independent, went off to university with his Governor General's Medal for academic excellence. Chris and Lawrence chose to stay, accepting that if they left, there would be no farm to come back to. As a middle child, I felt like I was the glue, keeping everyone together. I was painfully aware that if any of us got discouraged enough to quit, it would all be over.

In '93, it was all over. Almost buried under a mountainous debt, we faced an impossible decision. Too proud to give up and move on, we leased our land from our lender, hoping to save up enough money to buy it back. We were allowed



one five-year term to do it, with one three-year extension.

In the midst of all this, Lawrence, Chris and I made ends meet somehow. We worked together making gardens, picking small spruce trees and growing gourmet potatoes. That led to a concession trailer. We served burgers, fries and ice cream all over southern Minnesota in '97 and '98. Driving from festival to festival, we laughed and argued, schemed and remained. We were brothers, partners, confidants and best friends.

But by the fall of '98, with Eric finishing a film degree and me enrolled in a journalism course, we were all slowly

drifting away, along with the dwindling hope of saving that farm. "We, the boys," needed a new project—and against all advice, decided to open a cafe in Winnepeg. Lawrence and Chris moved into the one-bedroom apartment Eric and I shared. The four of us worked feverishly for five months. Eric pulled out his Latin dictionary to find a name.

Lux Sole Cafe opened in March, 1999. Meaning "Light from the Sun" (we had to add the accent on Sole so people would pronounce it properly), it was a perfect metaphor to connect our rural roots with the homestead food we served. A friendly neighbourhood took us under its wing and our reputation spread throughout the city. Everyone asked how four farm boys landed in a fancy cafe. "It's a long story," I would grin.

But the farm was running out of time. The deadline to buy it back was December, 2000. Our only asset was our restaurant. Lux Sole was like a gift gently taking its first steps. Our family depended on it the way we had depended on the farm. Would this farm run as one more time?

I made the call. I showed our bankers Rob, how four brothers poured their lives into this 50-year old—as they had poured their lives into a farm. If we could mortgage the restaurant, hold him, we could buy our farm back.

At November, 2000, loaned, Chris and I happened to be in the city office in Lux Sole's basement when Rob called. All I remember saying is, "Great. I'll be down to sign everything," as evenly as I could. Looking at Chris, I saw my tears reflected in his eyes. We called upstairs to tell everyone it was go. Then we called Dad at home on the farm.

I helped Chris and Lawrence open a second location, Lux Sole Downtown, in March, 2001. And Dad, now 63, harvested a bumper hay crop last fall.

Eugene Warwaruk, now 27, is a journalism student in Vancouver.

The Week That Was



Levy's body is found, but questions linger

The bones hidden under a pile of leaves in Washington's Rock Creek Park answered a question that had baffled police for more than a year: what had become of intern **Claudine Levy**? A man taking his dog for a morning walk observed the remains on a steep, wooded slope in a remote area of the park where the dog began baying on a human about 15 minutes before police and, when released, detectives recovered much of Levy's remains, which were quickly identified through her dental

records. "This is no longer a missing persons investigation," said the city's police chief, Charles Ramsey. "It's being handled as a death investigation."

Only weeks before Sept. 11, the long case dominated headlines. Early on, it emerged that the 24-year-old intern from Missouri, Galt, was having an affair with congressman Gary Condit. She was last seen on April 30, 2001, at her beach club and is thought to have disappeared sometime the following day. When police searched her apartment they

found her wallet, credit card, newspaper and notebook, but not her keys. Although last play has not been established, Ramsey raised the possibility that Levy's body might subsequently have been moved to the secluded hill where police had searched in the weeks after her disappearance.

While police insist Condit is not a suspect, they have interviewed him four times and could well question him again. The publicly surrounding case cast his clearly in March the now-popular



congressman lost the Democratic primary in a constituency that includes Levy's hometown. A grand jury has also been reviewing Levy's disappearance and

whether Condit or his aides obstructed the investigation. Last week, he issued a statement saying that he and his family "express their heartfelt sorrow to the Levy family" in Missouri. Levy's parents were devastated. Finally spokeswoman Judy Smith said that "up until the point where they received the news, they were always happy."

Bush looks for support

George W. Bush thrived alone to gather support for continuing the war against terrorism. Speaking in Berlin and Moscow where he signed a treaty dramatically reducing the number of nuclear weapons

in the U.S. and Russian inventories the President warned that such weapons could soon be obtained by rogue states like Iraq. But Bush rejected leading an inquiry into how much the White House knew about terrorists plotting the

Sept. 11 attacks. Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle is pushing for an independent commission after disclosures suggested the White House missed a series of ominous hints last year from the FBI and CIA.

Those fragile cod

A federal advisory board has found that the 10-year codstock on a fishing for northern cod failed to absorb the fish stock off New Brunswick. Scientists and fishermen still can't explain why the population

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The Week That Was

of cat—once the world's most abundant fish—simply collapsed, putting 21,000 Newfoundlanders out of work. Some experts say stocks were overfished to the point where recovery is impossible, but others insist the fish are following different migratory patterns because of the changing climate.

Harper is in the House

No warts and no kazoos today—just a few words at Prime Minister Jean Chretien's marked Stephen Harper's debut in the House of Commons as Canadian Alliance leader. Most subdued this he predecessor, Stedman Gray Harper

expressed in kind to Chretien's job that he was the eighth oldest leader in the Opposition to tackle the government, "I will be Chretien's last Opposition leader," Harper said.

Klansman convicted

A Birmingham Ala. jury convicted former Ku Klux Klansman Bobby Frank Cherry of first-degree murder in a church bombing that killed four black girls in 1958. The 73-year-old Cherry, who denies an intimate life sentence, was part of a group of Klansmen who exploded a bomb on Sept. 15, 1958, in the Southview Seven Baptist Church, a rallying spot for protests against racial

segregation. Two other men were convicted of the bombing in 1977 and 2001, while a fourth suspect died in 1984 without being charged.

Taming the mosquito

Scientists working in Cameroon may have found a way to use mosquito bites in the fight against malaria, a disease they carry. Mosquitoes exposed with a new strain, gene that blocks development of the tiny malaria parasite inside the insect, were unable to pass the virus along. Scientists suggest spreading such genes among mosquitoes could help control the deadly disease.

A mouse in court

The Supreme Court of Canada seemed puzzled as the story asked questions of whether a mouse genetically modified at Harvard University to develop cancer can be patented in this country. Should the court, which is expected to rule this fall, side with Harvard, it would be the first time Canada has allowed a patent for an animal. But federal lawyers warned that granting such protections would test to the pitting of all interests of genetically altered plants and animals.

Signing off Kyoto

Alberta suffered a setback when Ottawa rejected its alternative to the Kyoto Protocol at a meeting of energy and environment ministers in Quebec City. Alberta wants the protocol, which calls for Canada to cut greenhouse emissions by 6% per cent by 2012, will curb the growth of its energy industry. It voted in the effort by refusing to sign the meeting a joint communiqué and by rejecting its co-chair of a federal provincial committee already to manage consultations on climate change. The ministers will meet again in October, but did not set any deadline for resolving the tussle.

Terrorists in Ontario

Ontario's Attorney General, Bill Davis, said he was informed that he may be imminently announced that a cell of Qaeda-linked militants in Quebec Island, Canada, had recently been broken up. But the province's police said they were under surveillance by the Ontario Provincial Police. But chief security minister, he refused to elaborate. Liberal

Leader Dalton McGuinty charged the minister provides that level of information just to "hugger people," he said. "Now he has a responsibility to provide us with more details."

Cleaning up the water

The first report of an injury into one of Canada's worst public health disasters up to the Ontario government



The 2000 Bush Rally, San Diego, Calif.



The 2000 Bush Rally, San Diego, Calif.



The 2000 Bush Rally, San Diego, Calif.

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The bombers return

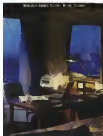
Despite Israel's military crackdown on the Palestinian terrorists, suicide bombers appear to be stepping up their attacks on the country. A car loaded with pipe bombs exploded just outside a crowded Tel Aviv dance club after a security guard shot and killed the driver. There were no other injuries. A Jewish Palestinian rioter who blew himself dead last New Year's Eve at a park party in Ribon Le Zion, just south of Tel Aviv, killing two Israelis and wounding 27. The Al Qaeda magazine blames both responsibility for the bombings,

claiming they were avenging two Israeli attacks last week, including one that killed Mahamad TIL, a 30-year-old leader of the Brigades in Hebron.

There was another terrorist in the Tel Aviv area as well. A bomb attached to a taxi cab exploded in Israel's biggest fuel depot, sending diesel fuel pouring into the pavement. The depot is close to three major highways and is surrounded by residential areas, but the fire was extinguished before anyone was hurt. "A huge disaster has been averted," said Tel Aviv police chief Yosi Ben-Zion. Security officials said they also uncovered

a plot to explode tracks loaded with explosives under Tel Aviv's twin Aerial Towers, Israel's tallest buildings.

Both the U.S. and Israel called on Palestinian Authority Chairman Yasser Arafat to arrest the organizers behind the attacks. Critics of Arafat is also accusing him of his own people. "He has been on two to three times propping up the Israeli occupation and branding a democratic state," said Keith Stelfox, a leading Palestinian politician. So far Arafat seems unable, or unwilling, to stop the suicide bombings—or his own escalating role in the violence.



The Week That Was

ment to spend millions of dollars to ensure clean tap water and to provide a legal guarantee of its safety. The inquiry headed by Justice O'Connor was struck off-line and the death of such people in Walkerton, Ont., in May 2000 after they drank water contaminated with the E. coli bacteria. Among the 93 recommendations, which could cost \$282 million to implement, O'Connor called for oversight of a Safe Drinking Water Act. It would ensure the right to safe water for every government to plan and ensure personal water systems.

Loonie tuned

The long-suffering Canadian dollar has risen by nearly five per cent in recent weeks, hitting 69¢ U.S. cents. The loonie's strength is primarily



due to the greenback's weakness: the long reign of the U.S. dollar is fading, and all major currencies have risen against it. Currency traders are focusing on American problems, such as the large U.S. deficit in trade and borrowing with other nations. At the same time, they are noting Canadian values, such as a trade surplus, declining debt and improving commodity prices. But there's a long way to go, even just for

years ago, the loonie bought 73 U.S. cents.

Big money

Eugene Melnyk, chairman and CEO of Bassett Corp., was the top-paid executive in Canada last year—for a long shot. A insider from the Toronto-based drug maker showed Melnyk earned in US\$78.6 million, worth of stock options in addition to receiving a salary of US\$552,044—for total compensation, in Canadian dollars, of about \$123.5 million. That far surpassed the next highest known earner, Wayne International Inc. boss Frank Storchel, who took in \$66.6 million.

Voisey's deal

Lofton's native group made a deal with Irving from New Ltd. that could jump-start development of the long-stranded, \$2 billion Voisey's Bay mine in Innuqit, Ontario. The 5,000-member Lofton trust also claims the 1,600-mineral Struik. After an end-of-term of an impact benefit agreement, adding to what they will receive if the project goes ahead. The Innuqit and the Lofton government must still reach a deal with the

Doubling an alibi

It seemed like a sunny day when a cousin and a brother of accused killer Michael Skelton testified that Skelton was with them the night 15-year-old Marina Manley was murdered. Manley was beaten to death 27 years ago with a golf club at his parents' home in an exclusive neighbourhood of Etobicoke, Ont. Prosecutors at Skelton's murder trial say the defendant, who is a nephew of Robert Kennedy's widow Ethel Kennedy and was also 25 in the time, has already admitted lying on Manley's property the night she died. To prove their point, they played a recording in which Skelton speaking to a writer said he had been measuring while perched in a tree, peering into Manley's window. Skelton, 43, could face life in prison if found guilty of killing his teenage neighbour.

Passages

Died: World-renowned biologist Stephen Jay Gould brought evolutionary theory to the masses. The scholar and feminist professor was best known for his literary on paleontology, evolution and science in fiction.



Died: Sweet-singing Sam Sneed won the Canadian Open three times—including in 1950 while an 18-year-old. Sneed, who grew up playing golf with clubs made from tree branches, won a record 61 PGA Tour events, including three Masters. He died at 68 at his home in Hot Springs, Ark.

Acquitted: Toronto-based R and B singer **Blue Lewis** was found not guilty of assault charges stemming from a 1988 altercation at a Toronto nightclub. The 42-year-old singer was found to be acting in self-defence when he hit a bouncer with a microphone. Lewis, 29, now faces a \$50,000 civil suit.

Died: Former wrestler **Duane Ray Smith** (a.k.a. the British Bulldog) had recently announced plans to return to the ring—and was rumored to be using steroids to bulk up. The 39-year-old native of Manchester, England, who was once married to **Diana Hart**, of the Calgary wrestling family, died of an apparent heart attack in Inverness, B.C.

Quit: After months of fighting with Volkswagen's parent company (VW Media) and its director and founder **Peter Brabeck**, 32, of Winnipeg, sold the London-based design magazine

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One man's garbage...

If all reality shows feature art, some Hollywood models are being a very bad E model. Producer Steve Haskin, 37, has launched a \$1.5-billion lawsuit against little studio mogul Kirk Kerkorian—over some pretty bad dental bills. The event ring was taken from Haskin's truck can by a private investigator working for Kerkorian, 54, who's unimpressed in a vicious child support case. Kerkorian's pro Lisa Resnick Kerkorian, 38, who separated from her husband in September, 1995, is demanding \$400,000 a month in child support for her two-year-old daughter, Kim. But DNA on the floor, says the billionaire's lawyer, proves the child is Eric's offspring, not his child's. In threatening his lawyers of heavy suit, Eric did not comment on the girl's paternity. But he called the "non-consensual" of his DNA "a disgusting effort." (By Kerkorian) to publicly smear and damage his ex-wife at the expense of their child. So Kerkorian could avoid his financial obligation to an innocent little girl?

But perhaps no one told Eric the one about people who live in



This Kerkorian

glass houses, Haskin and a circus. Elizabeth Haskin says Eric is the father of her two-month-old baby, Daniel Charles—a claim he denied when he first learned of the pregnancy in November. Only now is Eric's lawyer under way. And last week, Eric's press secretary rejected Haskin's complaint that the infant's father had violated his privacy when it posted his phone number and urged readers to call and berate him for his treatment of Haskin. The Press Complaints Commission ruled the number was in the public domain.



Canadian troops to depart Afghanistan

Pleased and Proud, Canada's troops will pull out of Afghanistan this summer, despite pleas from the American high command that they stay longer to help root out al-Qaeda terrorists. The decision, welcomed by members of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in duty (senior-led Canadian, nonetheless) created a soldiers in Parliament. Opposition critics and retired generals said the Liberal government was letting down its most important ally and paying the price for decades of neglecting the armed forces. Canadian troops should remain in combat in Afghanistan, rather than be "drinking tea in Paris" as peacekeepers, said retired Maj. Gen.

Lewis Mackenzie, the former United Nations commander in Sarajevo. Only a full commitment of ground forces, he argued, will ensure Canada the respect, a consensus of the international table.

Defence Minister Arlo Stittman fired off the criticism, saying Canadian forces are already stretched too thin around the globe to justify sending another infantry contingent to Afghanistan. Nearly 800 Canadian soldiers will return to their Gagetown base in late July and early August after fulfilling the standard six-month tour of duty. About 40 command and support troops will remain in the region. But with nearly 3,800

peacekeepers already serving overseas from the Gagetown base, Canada has no large groups of fresh soldiers to take over from the Patriots.

In their first combat role since the Korean War, Canadian troops have served under U.S. command and been deployed both to guard the international base at Kandahar and to accompany U.S. forces in the Helmand Valley. Canadian troops have served under U.S. command and been deployed both to guard the international base at Kandahar and to accompany U.S. forces in the Helmand Valley. Canadian troops have served under U.S. command and been deployed both to guard the international base at Kandahar and to accompany U.S. forces in the Helmand Valley.

peacekeepers already serving overseas from the Gagetown base, Canada has no large groups of fresh soldiers to take over from the Patriots.

In the days before the announcement of the Canadian withdrawal, the overall NATO forces commander in the region, American Gen. Tommy Franks, noted that the fight against terrorism there is far from over. He stated that the Patriots for a first role contribution to the war effort. "They've done an absolutely wonderful job," he said. While the troops will be going, Canada will keep three warships in the Arabian Sea as well as three Hercules transport planes and a pair of Avrocar patrol planes to assist with surveillance and supply that isn't enough to satisfy critics, who say Canada is pulling out because it can't afford to stay.



Allan Fotheringham

A character test for cities

There is one sure thing about a dinner party. Take my word for it. The whole tone of the evening is set by the hostess. Hostess nervous, unsure of her menu, apologizing all the time, wait, a busy time for all. Hostess confident, knows what she's doing, puts her guests at ease, runs a great time a hard by all. The hostess establishes the personality of the event.

It is the same with a city. You can determine its tone by the people who drive in it. By their manners, or lack thereof. Toronto for some years has been advertising itself as a "world-class city"—a wannabe Big Apple when actually it is a faded London. Over the past decade, there has been a noticeable change in the atmosphere where motorists must meet one another.

Slowly, gradually, there has been the increase in the famous one-finger salute, the impatient honk if you don't reflect the green light in a nonstop, the astonishing newspaper headlines of road rage, fist fights, and worse on the 401, a general surliness and tense relationship to other motorists—been epitomized by those Roadside mums driving those deadly SUVs down to the local delinquent for some Camaro and brief fist lunch.

Every city has its own personality that can be derived by the conduct of its motorists.

One took my 12-year-old daughter to Paris. Departing the train and mounting a taxi, within two blocks she said, "I get it, everyone just drives wherever they want." Accompanied to Canadian cities where they actually have laws you're supposed to stay in, she in fact, had the perfect description of the wide, sweeping boulevards of the most beautiful city in the world in the state exercise that seems like chaos but in truth works out because every driver knows the rules it seems simple, but it works.

In Tokyo, the most crowded city on the globe except for Mexico City, the rule—understood by all—in queue: If you can get your seat 10 seconds ahead of your for beside you, you are allowed to cut over. All the local understand it—while terrified tourists huddle in the back seat—and, therefore, the seemingly inevitable fender-bender doesn't happen. In Montreal, speed-ramp drivers know that jaywalkers, who ignore all stoplights against jaywalking, will at the last minute stop to safety. Both motorists and pedestrians know no harm will come.

I once named Europe for three years on a Vega scooter and, 15 minutes after buying it in Holland, found myself unceremoniously in a ditch, deposited there by the wind blast of a

passing super-truck, waking up with the sight of three pairs of wooden shoes, worn by three farmers hauling me out. Hit a cow in Poland, thereby removing those layers of dirt on 10 fingers when landing on the rough macadam roadway. And, travelling without a permit or visa in East Germany, hit a six-inch patch of cobblestones and was taken into a barn, the puzzled cattle watching, while their owner repaired the damaged machine.

The point is that closer to the ground, you can get a feel of a country's culture, a nationality, you can never get from an atlas, not to mention a tourist bus. You realize, and understand, why Italians are the noisiest people on earth, why the Spanish are the most silent. (And why in Spain, all the workmen start off the morning in their blue shirts at the neighbourhood cafe, armed themselves with coffee and a shot of brandy.) And why the worst experience on earth is to be caught behind a London double-decker bus with its exhaust blast leaving a layer of soot

on your innocent face. (London, as has Rome previously just imposed a major fee on any motorist who brings his auto into the city centre.)

Los Angeles, of course, has its own centre, the only city in the world where there is no one on the sidewalks, because there are no sidewalks, everyone on the freeway. In San Francisco, when the city came to its senses, they stopped an ugly waterfront freeway in mid-construction, and it sat there, jutting out to nowhere. Seattle has been destroyed by freeways cutting through it. Downstream Vancouver, a major road, is essentially an island, reached by an bridge and one level link. As a crisscrossing commuter, I took some credit in killing any freeway—the only large city in North America that now has none. With the rule you can't get anywhere from anywhere. What the hell!

Rudy Giuliani, who became the hero of the world after Sept. 11, in fact achieved his first fame in New York as a crusading attorney who crushed the Mafia, became even more famous for convincing Manhattan people not to jaywalk. Such is life. Washington is so close because no building can be higher than the Washington Monument and so—in Paris—all the towns are the same height, nothing higher than 12 stories.

Which gets us back to Toronto. And the personality of the town. Perceptively named Highway. When they have built a town on a lake which no one can see, because of the pocket front line of condo towers that has from view anything the Gardiner Expressway does not. Toronto is essentially made up of people who want to make money. They are not happy people. You can tell that by the way they drive.



Toronto, waterfront area

Vancouver, Expo lands

Quebec City, Upper Town

Vancouver, Falseview

Toronto, Queen Street West

SAVING OUR CITIES

Eighty per cent of us live in urban spaces.

Here's how to make them vibrant again.

BY WARY JANIGAN

The mayor of Winnipeg is calling on his cellphone from Toronto's main airport en route to our stretched Rio. He's slated to be a keynote speaker on urban policy at a Forum of Federations meeting in Brazil—and he'll be going to chat about sewers. But his white beach may be glorious, as fabled Sugar Leaf Mountain may be

breakmaking—but Glen Murray will be rhapsodizing about "globalization and local power." In any sound dream—but it spells prosperity. And one of its foremost evangelists is preaching his sermon from the airport lounge. "The planet is becoming an interconnected network of urban centers and local governments," he says. "Cities are becoming the most important economic and political unit. In

this century, the country with the strongest cities wins." Amen.

Cities are suddenly hot. After three decades of neglect and decline, Canadians are suddenly realizing that their wealth hangs on the health of their urban centers. Four out of every five Canadians live in cities. About 48 per cent reside in the eight largest metropolitan areas in order: Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Ottawa-

Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Quebec City and Winnipeg. But until the Federation of Canadian Municipalities began a campaign to focus attention on its members' plight last year, urban issues and municipal governments were at the bottom of the heap. Ottawa and the provinces have squabbled about everything from Senate reform to frustrations on federal spending power—while urban infrastruc-

ture was out. They have talked about globalization—while ignoring that new, poorer buzzword "localization."

Not any more. This weekend, Finance Minister Paul Martin and eight other federal cabinet ministers will attend the federation's annual meeting in Hamilton, running from May 31 to June 3. In the pivotal address, Martin will propose a new partnership to assist cities in solving all three

levels of government—since "municipal institutions" are the constitutional responsibility of the provinces.

The minister will also offer to work with the other two levels of government to figure out better ways to deliver financial support. He will first run through the ideas on urban reform presented in such recent reports as Toronto MP Judy Sze's urban manifesto and an innovative Toronto-Dominion Bank

study—coupled with suggestions called from his own disquiet with mayors. Then, in effect, he will offer to become the chief champion, working to raise ideas into firm government.

If provinces agree, both levels could consider new to urban funds over the longer term to cover that way, for example, transit authorities could start subway lines without first finding money to complete midway through their 20-year plan. The finance minister will also suggest that money could be stored into separate funds for such uses as housing, transit and water. Cities would not have to apply to finance each project; instead, they could receive general, longer-

term funding. "We need a new financial deal," Coates do not want a new financial deal. "We need to get on with the business of government, and figure out ways of providing longer-term sustainable funding."

Money may be just in crisis. Three decades ago, by almost any indicators, Canadian cities weren't doing well. They were cities, not cities, where housing was affordable and transit transit. Since then, Ottawa and the provinces have tackled the deficit by cutting spending and downsizing, so cities, responsible for everything from local ports to transit.

But those new duties did not come with more money. Canadian cities must rely on property taxes for 54 per cent of their revenues; such uses do not automatically rise

problems are appearing with fiscal responsibility. "Municipal politicians have all been singing in harmony," says Toronto president Jack Layton, a Toronto councillor. "Now the collection plate has to pass."

But more than money is needed. Four decades after Toronto-based urban theorist Jane Jacobs decried the dangers of sprawling suburbs and its possible downtown. *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, experts are united behind the message that it takes skillful planning to make a city that would be a globalizing world. International firms are seeking clean, safe locales with skilled workers, efficient transportation and cultural and recreational amenities. The best cities in the world are our cities' rivals. "And we

edge cities", that is, spreading outer suburbs that gradually become cities themselves with retail and business centres. Although the trend is less pronounced in Canada than in the U.S., it presents a challenge: how do we keep a city from sprawling, endlessly across the countryside, applying itself? For starters, the downtown core should be nurtured as an interesting place to work and live. It should foster diversity. Carnegie Mellon University professor Richard Florida has found a high degree of correlation between the concentration of gay couples in a city and a region's success in attracting high-tech business and workers. It turns out that the presence of those couples reflects the region's openness—and those firms and

in an inspired move. Daller even shifted his personal and economic development offices into Lower Town, figuring they would find solutions when they worked under the public. Today, the area has thriving business and modern art and theatre. And it attracts other locals and tourists like a magnet. After all, it's the area's highest net paymaster providing an eight per cent return on the city's \$75 million program. "By investing in beautiful things, you can achieve something," he says.

Other cities are depicting equally arid races. Vancouver has fostered the construction of high-density residential development around its waterfront. But it has ensured that those clumps of high-rises are people-friendly neighbourhoods. On the

counsellor Gordon Price. "Then you have got a real competitive advantage because there is a lot more something environment downtown."

Calgary had a different problem, a downtown brimming with office space in dense as Manhattan that essentially shut down all its business hours. That is changing fast. The city has started in historic Stephen Avenue, encouraging pedestrian traffic and converting old buildings into hotel space, stores and offices. It has learned condos, galleries, festivals, the largest performing arts centre in western Canada and parks like Prince's Island on the edge of the downtown core. "Downtown needs to be a strong place to work live," says Richard White, executive director of the Calgary Down-



Quebec City, St. Roch



Toronto, Queen's Quay



Calgary, Millwright Park



Vancouver, under Canada Street bridge



Quebec City, Lower Town

'CITIES ARE BECOMING THE MOST IMPORTANT UNIT,' SAYS WINNIPEG'S MURRAY. 'THE COUNTRY WITH THE STRONGEST CITIES WINS.'

term funding which they could spend as they pleased in areas such as transit.

Murray will not explicitly promise more money—although he is flush with extra cash because the country is performing better than expected. That will be left to the next budget. And Deputy Prime Minister John Manley already has a \$2 billion Strategic Infrastructure Fund to date out, created in last December's budget. Murray will indicate, however, that he recognizes urban needs are long-term and enormous. And despite his own skepticism, he will even offer to discuss the possibility that Ottawa and the provinces could lower their tax rates—in any area including cigarette or gasoline taxes—so that cities could tap those extra sources of revenue. "We recognize that the

when the economy grows—and they are not directly linked to ability to pay for the last five years, municipal revenues have grown by 7.7 per cent—compared with 3.3 per cent for the federal government and 2.6 per cent for the provinces. Cities have been squeezed. U.S. municipal governments spend more than twice as much per resident as Canadian cities. And Washington puts US\$854.95 per resident per year into municipal budgets—compared with Ottawa's US\$10.22 for a similar bundle of services.

The neglect shows. The Indecon estimates that in five years, cities will need \$4.3 billion per year in federal funding for transportation, affordable housing and infrastructure for water, energy and waste. Poor neighbourhoods with multiple social

have been," says Winnipeg's Murray. "on a slow march to decline."

Remember when Philadelphia was just another world for trouble? Race riots. Violence. Heavy-handed police. University of Toronto architecture graduate Kevin Piggott, 29, walked about its cobblestoned core one evening this spring, checking out the renovated historic buildings, the single-seater, something really, the crowded nightlife. She was moved. So she started a job at a government firm there this summer. "I'd heard it," she says simply. "I don't know if it would have gone if it had not been this very interesting, viable city centre."

Over the past 15 years, urban experts have identified a trend toward so-called

western value a city that offers cultural and lifestyle diversity.

Equally, downtowns should host vibrant gathering spots, cultural attractions and sporting events that suburbs cannot match. Everyone should take a lesson from Quebec City's dynamic mayor, Jean-Paul L'Allier. When he took office in 1989, developers were proposing to build a shopping mall to compete with suburban shopping malls in the heart of the historic Lower Town. Instead, the mayor capitalised on the remarkable bar, tavern and buildings that were there. The city shared the cost of restoring the landmark Dominion Confectionery. It closed its neighbouring cereal plant. It poured funds into water sewers and more greenery. It polished old facades.

Former Expo 86 lands, which set the standard for development in 1990s, Henry Kong developer Li Ka Shing provided parks, a community centre, a contribution toward social housing, a child care centre, playgrounds and two elementary schools as a condition of the building permit. The bottom 40 feet of each building's height is occupied by allowing storefronts or townhouses to lend warm human scale to the area. The roof sport greenery. The developer will reap a profit because of the high numbers of units.

Parking spaces are differently scarce. People walk to many downtown destinations, if only to escape congestion. So there has been a reduction in car use. "Eventually sprawl hits the wall," says Vancouver

towns Association. "Then if you encourage vitality, people start to say, 'I not only want to work there, I want to play there.'"

Under said that there. It is not enough to nourish the downtown, cities must also limit sprawl. And that requires a plan that cities side with—no matter how alluring a developer's proposal. "We need to recycle downtown land that was once used for old railways or industrial sites," argues former B.C. premier Mike Harcourt, executive member of Ottawa's National Round Table on the Environment and the Economy. "And we need to re-convert our suburbs so that they are more compact, less expensive to service and less unfriendly to live on." That means cities have to decide where

they want growth—and when they don't, typically, one problem may be that cities, or at least their governments, are not big enough—to they cannot control sprawl outside their boundaries. "Some cities have the worst of both worlds," says University of Toronto economic geography professor Marc Gertler. "They are too big to respond to local needs. And too small to match the scope of the regional economy."

If cities can curb sprawl, they can design time-saving road systems—and extend transit services to reduce traffic jams. The federal optimism that cities will need \$1 billion in federal funds per year to meet needs in everything from construction to

open areas. But cities often charge for new infrastructure and services on the basis of average costs. Instead, developers free should reflect the real cost of extending infrastructure—and user fees should match the real cost of providing the service. Many cities also oversee apartments and commercial properties—compared with single-family homes. Politically, such mixed-use changes would not be easy to introduce. But proponents argue that the beneficiaries of sprawl should pay for it.

Absorb planning may lure people into the downtown area. But the city centre and its major suburbs will never be truly healthy unless some downtown, relatively more centres are addressed. Between 1990 and

has begun to change in the last 10 years." Income inequality has become a plaguing reality. Calgary, in 1992, officials found 44,717 people who they considered the homeless. Two years ago, they found 1,296. And the federation estimates that for every homeless person, four families are at risk of losing their shelter because they cannot afford the rent. "These have been hardly any affordable rental units built in the last few years," says Calgary alderman Bob Hewlettworth, co-chair of the federal housing policy options team. "If anything, the situation is getting worse."

Ottawa has earmarked \$600 million for affordable rental housing over five years—if provinces match its \$25,000-per-unit subsidies to developers. So far, only British

columbia has met this requirement; others are complex. Adrian Chownicki founded Tardis Services and Care Corp. in the Ottawa suburb of Kanata in 1995. Why there? In this miniature replica of California's famed high-tech Silicon Valley, there is a cluster of supportive networks and service firms. His company works closely with local universities. Suppliers, resource capital firms and research councils are nearby. Skilled employees accept jobs in the city because, if things don't work out, they can march across the street and find a new place to work. "A cluster," says Chownicki, "is all about critical mass."

Clusters are formidable creatures that we are only starting to map. They require the presence of everything from research uni-

versities to victory networking organizations. Toronto Board of Trade president Elise Allen not only talks about taxes but about culture and affordable housing. "Such elements are important to business," she says. "And they are important to the creation of a competitive and vibrant city." Clustering is beneficial that many often expect to create, yet the most pressing need is simply for a plan. "Clusters are great if you can produce them, but not every city is going to succeed," says University of Toronto political scientist David Wolfe, a cluster expert. "We still need to encourage every city to develop strategies to upgrade the competitiveness of its local economy."

At the very least, governments should not inhibit such activity. Between 1996

and 2001, three out of four Atlantic provinces lost population (Prince Edward Island was the exception). Brian Lee Cawley, president of the Atlantic Institute for Market Studies, blames Ottawa's regional development policies, which essentially paid people to stay in place in rural areas instead of moving to cities where the jobs were. Belatedly, the urban migration is now happening—although many people are simply moving out of the region. The population of St. John's, Nfld., dropped 0.7 per cent; Saint John's, N.B., slipped 2.4 per cent. The region's brightest spot, Halifax, went up 0.7 per cent—above the national average of four per cent. "These natural movements of people to cities are now starting to reassert them-

self," he says. "Key gaps in our knowledge." But we also have to make governments make cities work. Lauren Bendahl, acting president of the Canada West Foundation, points out that Ottawa has a rural perspective when programs are crafted. The same approach must be applied to urban issues. "We need the political will to start thinking creatively," she says. "And how can we do that? Cities must rise up," says the federation's Layton. "We cannot afford to sit back any longer." The standard of living of all Canadians—wherever they live—is on the line.



Toronto, Toronto City Hall



Toronto, Greater Toronto Area



Quebec City, downtown



Montreal, Montreal City Hall



Halifax, Halifax City Hall

'MUNICIPAL POLITICIANS HAVE BEEN SINGING IN HARMONY,' SAYS TORONTO'S LAYTON. 'NOW THE COLLECTION PLATE HAS TO PASS'

public transit to roads. Vancouver councillor George Paul says B.C.'s inadequate road system cost \$500 million last year in lost time and wasted fuel. And Vancouver is lucky: the province shares 11 cities of an 17-cities-a-lure gasoline tax with the Greater Vancouver Transportation Authority. "Every major metropolitan area is in trouble," says Paul, chairman of the federal transit finance committee. "We are the only G3 nation that does not give sustainable national funding to urban transit."

Cities can also change the way they levy taxes. In a report for the C.D. Howe Institute, urban consultant David Slack says it is virtually certain that the cost of providing services to low-density, sprawling developments is higher than within existing devel-

opments. The total metropolitan area population of Canada grew by 6.9 per cent; the total population in those centres grew by 33.8 per cent (Breakdowns from the 2001 census are not yet available).

Worse, those poor populations are increasingly congregating in a few neighbourhoods dotted across the central core and the suburbs. And they are often composed of social groups with multiple challenges: unemployed immigrants with poor English or French skills, aboriginals with less education, single parents on social assistance. "We had avoided the U.S. ghetto syndrome of deep deprivation concentrated in central neighbourhoods with generations after generations of poverty and social dysfunction," says Gertler. That

Columbia, Quebec, Nunavut and the Northwest Territories have signed agreements. The federation calculates that 20,000 new units of affordable housing are needed each year—and \$1.6 billion in annual federal funds. If provinces don't sign deals, the federation wants Ottawa to go ahead anyway, do directly with cities—and provide higher subsidies for each unit. It has also proposed a series of tax changes, such as elimination of the GST on materials for central housing construction, so that developers can charge lower rents.

Cities need money, they also generate it. Big time. Winnipeg accounts for 64 per cent of Manitoba's GDP. Halifax produces 48 per cent of Nova Scotia's. Their contribu-

tions to victory networking organizations. Toronto Board of Trade president Elise Allen not only talks about taxes but about culture and affordable housing. "Such elements are important to business," she says. "And they are important to the creation of a competitive and vibrant city."

Clustering is beneficial that many often expect to create, yet the most pressing need is simply for a plan. "Clusters are great if you can produce them, but not every city is going to succeed," says University of Toronto political scientist David Wolfe, a cluster expert. "We still need to encourage every city to develop strategies to upgrade the competitiveness of its local economy."

At the very least, governments should not inhibit such activity. Between 1996

and 2001, three out of four Atlantic provinces lost population (Prince Edward Island was the exception).

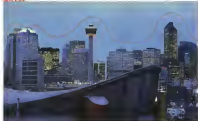
The challenges for cities and their governments are enormous. On an average day last month, Toronto councillor David Miller dealt with traffic patterns, hospital redevelopment, regional growth strategy, daycare, welfare and social housing. He possessed a donation which he encouraged from a developer to a school for playground equipment. "Even one day," he says, "is illustrative of the complexity of municipal governments."

The days are long gone when city governments just handled sewers. It was to make that point, to illustrate the huge gap between their duties and their resources, that

he says, "key gaps in our knowledge."

But we also have to make governments make cities work. Lauren Bendahl, acting president of the Canada West Foundation, points out that Ottawa has a rural perspective when programs are crafted. The same approach must be applied to urban issues. "We need the political will to start thinking creatively," she says. "And how can we do that? Cities must rise up," says the federation's Layton. "We cannot afford to sit back any longer." The standard of living of all Canadians—wherever they live—is on the line.

How Canadian cities have fared in quality of life is on file. www.cbc.ca/cities



SEARCH FOR BALANCE

Why I left a big metropolis for a smaller one

BY GORDON LARD

When my young family finally decided to leave Toronto, my home of 11 years, friends thought we were crazy to abandon the one North American metropolis that seemed to have everything. And it wasn't Toronto's rapid weather that pushed us out, or its pollution mayors, or the halo of self-satisfaction that sometimes radiates from that corner of the Canadian universe.

No, our decision to move was forced by the slow decline of a city I had grown to love. While Toronto's vibrant markets, Victorian neighbourhoods and international character are unmatched, things like air pollution, chronic underfunding and the taking out of living created some tough quarters. Toronto, in its own fabulous way, was becoming unbearable.

We just couldn't imagine ourselves growing old there. The city's downward road had become clear: everything from public transit to affordable housing to the education in Toronto—in no small part exacerbated by provincial and federal efforts to detach themselves from urban responsibilities. Smog, highly notorious to our one-year-old boy, had become a chronic problem across southern Ontario, accelerated by coal-burning power plants, and years of intergovernmental bickering about policy and jurisdiction.

Calgary offers a more human scale

in Iqaluit, the poorest victims of a housing shortage in Nunavut's capital. I had the distinction of being in Fort McMurray, a northern Alberta boom town, for the city's first violent carjacking episode. Small towns aren't what they used to be.

After considerable deliberation, we finally relocated to Calgary just a few months ago. And there is much that is familiar. Calgary, too, has homelessness, traffic congestion and auto-related smog. In fact, we moved west to a fast-growing megalopolis that could, within a decade, replicate some of Hogtown's woes. Yet one that, almost inexplicably, still wears tight jeans and cowboy boots for 10 days out of every year during its annual Stampede.

What we gained was a little more balance, a sense of settlement. Now close to our extended families, we are connected in ways that long-distance calls can't replace. Without a huge housing debt, we can spend more time fulfilling our non-work lives. Friends and family drop by our little 1950s bungalow, conveniently located near a lush river valley, while organic produce and art galleries are never far away. It's the very sort of mix between small towns and big city that many Canadians hope for our own little home on the prairie.

And sure, it might be a little harder to advance one's career from a city in the so-called hinterland, but the climb to the top of one's professional heap—often earned in Toronto—seems a little less interesting from a distance. For us, moving up means planning trips into the mountains.

Leaving Toronto was hard, but we learned a valuable lesson. While many 20th-century Canadians began their lives in small rural communities, most of us have known little but mega-malls, suburban sprawl and fast-paced change. According to the statistics, North Americans are taking longer loans, accumulating piles of consumer debt, and reporting that we are collectively less happy than previous generations. Finding human scale in our world—the balance between huge and small, enduring and material, work and play—is the big challenge of the new millennium.

The countless SUVs, mountain bikes and GoPro Trek cameras spotted by jaded suburbanites across Canada seem indicative to a growing, collective discontent: no matter where we are, maybe we'd all rather be somewhere else.



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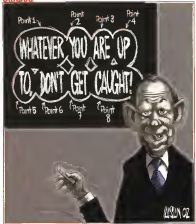
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2002 Canadian Truck of the Year



Ethics—or tactics?

Chrétien promises new rules of conduct for MPs

BY JOHN GODEDGE

Sorting out these affairs is never easy. Who can accuse details of the grants controversy back in early 2000 that looked like it would wreck Jean Stewart's career? Nobody, of course, and so the soldiers on as human resources development minister. What about the imitations of Jean Chrétien lobbying to get a federal loan for a financially strapped hotel in his island? It all got too tangled to bother with, so naturally the Prime Minister crosses ahead with barely a scratch. And now Pierre Waishe (Minister) David Boudreau is musing in his own variation on the script, that time set at a luxury lakeside getaway, and using an exculpatory affidavit from a priest, all of things, is a comic piece. Mildly entertain-

ing, sure, but confusing. Who could blame Canadians if, once again, they give their heads a collective shake and looked away?

In fact, the Chrétien government has long counted on that jaded response to ethical upstart. Stupid long enough to the opposition haranguing in the House, admit nothing, and just about any outrage soon fades from public view. So, on the surface, it seemed nothing that of a strange shocker last week when Chrétien responded to the latest round of corruption charges with an eight-point promise of action. Suddenly, he was dusting off long-replicated ideas, such as a code of conduct for MPs and senators that a parliamentary committee proposed way back in 1997, and breaking out spanking new ones, including "fundamental" changes to the leg-

islation governing the financing of political parties and candidates for office.

Has Chrétien seen the light? The Liberal's toughest critics on conflict of interest issues warn that much remains shadowy. Duff Conacher, coordinator of Democracy Watch, a nonsectarian advocacy group for government ethics, argues there is nothing in Chrétien's sketchy plan that commits him to putting in place an integrity regime with real teeth. "It's very easy to set up rules with loopholes and an enforcement system that's completely ineffective," Conacher says. "And that's where they're heading." He points out that his group's main beef with the Liberal track record on ethics—Chrétien's failure to make good on a 1995 election promise to appoint an independent federal ethics watchdog—hasn't been addressed. Then what's the rest of the package? "The Prime Minister is just trying to go to the summer beach," he charges.

Simple arithmetic tends to support suspicion that the man Chrétien said at "bold" is at least partly a delaying tactic, meant to take the immediate heat off his front benches. Five of his eight corners won't be served until the fall. These include four substantial rule changes: the long-postponed conduct code for MPs and senators, tighter regulations covering lobbyists, a new political financing law, and measures to make sure senior bureaucrats better manage public funds. The fifth fall event will be the release, for the first time, of a annual report from Chrétien's much-criticized ethics counselling, Howard Wilson.

That's a lot of action put off until after the barbecue season. Still, the remaining three points are slated to be acted on next week. Ethical guidelines for cabinet ministers—which the Liberals drew up shortly after Chrétien took power in 1993, but always kept secret—will finally be made public. Newly drafted rules for ministers' dealings with government-owned companies, a project of Deputy Prime Minister John Manley, will be released. And, finally, Chrétien will unveil previously promised guidelines for ministers raising money for "personal political purposes"—mainly the no-to-own leadership campaigns of his would-be successors, Manley, Paul Martin, Allan Rock and Sheila Copps.

These three steps can't be deemed as purely discretionary. Chrétien's arduous insistence on keeping cabinet ethics guide-



It was no holiday for Boudreau after reports surfaced of his visit to a lakeside retreat.

lines were so preposterous, nobody was allowed to know the rules, but the Prime Minister assured everyone they were being imposed. Now, he's re-entertaining, letting outsiders see the standards and assess for themselves whether it's being respected. The new rules to restrict cabinet minister dealings with Crown corporations are long overdue; Chrétien's own interventions in 1996 and 1997 to get the federal Business Development Bank rolled money to the hotel in his riding left little doubt that this is a potential quagmire of corruption and self-serving. And recent leadership fundraising eye-opening involving cabinet heavyweight Martin and Manley leave no doubt this hitherto unregulated power-over-money free-for-all exists out for a rule book.

There are lessons of devil's dealing in both of these in this package. A senior Liberal close to the Prime Minister suggested Chrétien is not giving up his backdoor belief that MPs, even those in cabinet, must be allowed to go to bar for folks in their local constituencies trying to get something from government agencies. Enshrining that privilege could put a huge loophole in any restrictions on ministers' dealings with government-owned companies and agencies. On leadership race, it's not clear if fundraising will have to be fully disclosed, as it already must before election campaigns and party finances, as per a set of some less transparent set of rules. And hanging over the whole package is a single, big question: who will make sure any rules

for cabinet ministers are actually enforced? After all, Wilson, the current ethics watchdog, answers only to the Prime Minister—acting as a trusted confidant and insider on Chrétien's political team. Not exactly an impartial eye on authority.

Having opened up debate over rules and reforms, Chrétien must be hoping the messy fiasco of politicians' behaviour will get less attention. Boudreau

spoke a bawling last week over revelations he stayed for a weekend at a vacation home on Lake Memphrémagog in Quebec's picturesque Eastern Townships. It is owned by Claude Boudreau, grandson of Groupe Éternit, an advertising firm that does millions of dollars in business with Public Works. Boudreau's daughter-in-law named over an \$800 cheque for therapy, but it was only cashed after the controversy broke. Boudreau then produced an affidavit from a priest declaring the cheque had not been cashed earlier only because of confusion over an acronym by Boudreau's wife, Diane. Delia, in sign is over as a dupe.

Got that? Devil's deal. So the convolutions of these controversies can make them impossible. A plain bribe, a blatant kickback—decisions can pass between such black-and-white scenarios. But, then, that sort of malfeasance is easy to outlaw. Chrétien is wading into the much more difficult task of policing what goes on in the grey zones. With so much so suddenly on the table, setting up how-to-once he could be as tricky as unringing one of the scandals that forced him to become a reformer.

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Lives of girls and women

Sally Armstrong on oppression—and triumph—in Afghanistan

Maclean's Contributing Editor Sally Armstrong is a veteran journalist, passionate advocate for women's issues around the world, and UNICEF Canada's Special Representative in Afghanistan. In 1997 she was one of the first Western journalists to report on the fate of women and children under the notorious Taliban regime that had taken over the country in 1996. In her book *Veiled Threats: The Hidden Power of the Women of Afghanistan* (Penguin), Armstrong describes the lives of Afghan women before and after the overthrow of the Taliban last year.

In the winter of 2001, I decided to travel to Kandahar, the spiritual capital of the Taliban, to see conditions for myself. Gaining entrance to this place as a woman, a journalist and a foreigner—all red flags to the ruling Taliban—required persistence and downright chutzpah. I needed to invent a cover. I had lusted several months earlier that Canada was funding a non-government organization called *Guardians*, which was doing excellent work as the literature for Orthopedics in Kandahar. I thought there might be a match between my purpose and mine: they wanted publicity for the Institute and I wanted to report firsthand on how women were living under the Taliban. I left Toronto armed with a visa for Pakistan, knowing I'd then have to acquire a visa for Afghanistan. These a Taliban factionary told me the photo in my passport was not acceptable since "the woman is smiling and the yellow

hair is showing." Then he announced that because I was a woman, I could only travel if accompanied by a man. The regional director of *Guardians* in Afghanistan, Zafra Mujahid, agreed to fill the role of acquiescent male. At the border passport office, Mujahid had some advice: "No say hello with your hand. Smile a little but not so much. And no your laughter, please." We'd already had a discussion about wardrobe, and he explained that only an Afghan woman had the right to wear a burqa. I wondered how it could be considered a "right" to wear a head-to-an-ankle body bag with a little piece of mesh in front of the eyes. We agreed that I would wear an ankle-length heavy gray women's coat, with a huge black chador wrapped

around my hips, shoulders and head, which made it difficult to see, hear and walk, not to mention climb out of a truck without showing my legs. In Kandahar the uneasy trysters of life for Afghan women were evident everywhere, including the literature for Orthopedics—with its Canadian flag pinned to the front wall sending out life a moment. It was modest by conventional Afghan standards, and it was missing about 1,000 dismembered and disabled Afghan citizens a month, most maimed by some of the estimated 10 million land mines scattered throughout the country. The Canadian government had stipulated that their lands were dependent on women being married and employed as well as men. In-

dived in the basement of this two-story structure, eight women were eating, drinking, and talking. They were hidden from the men upstairs. It was there that I met secretly with a group of women to talk about their lives under the Taliban. They shed the burqa—which make them look like doves of one another—and the contrast was shocking. Under those alienating veils were pretty, vibrant, engaging women. They were seated before the Taliban closed the schools in Kandahar. Now they were sitting behind windows painted over so no one could see them. They weren't allowed to send their own daughters to school. As women do, they made the most unforgettable, with stories about their fam-

ilies, feuding about the job, and offers of cups of the traditional green tea and delicious hot soup bread. I noticed they were all the same. At first they responded as if by rote and said, "High-heeled shoes are un-Islamic." I gestured to the painted windows and asked them how they put up with this nonsense. One woman blurted out: "It's unbearable." The others quickly laughed her. Then they looked at each other and the floodgates opened. "Look at this place, it's like a jail. Women are nothing in Afghanistan today. And our shoes, they're awful. We have to wear them because the Taliban don't like the top-of-the-top of women's high-heeled shoes. We have to wear them." They told me of a friend

who went to jail for 30 days because she attended a foreigner to a family wedding, and another who was jailed for 15 days because she spoke to a man on the street. Every day was a struggle to buy enough food to feed their children. They were trying to keep their kids in the clandestine schools, but the classes were stopped so often that their education had become hit and miss, mostly miss. During the time I spent listening to the extraordinary events of their lives, the women and I laughed and cried together. We made friends with each other. When I left, they tucked pieces of bread and sweet



In the new Afghanistan, a return to classrooms they were once barred from



Stylish shoes are a sign of life.

cakes into my pockets for the long journey out of their country. I knew I would never forget the sweet-faced Sharif Rana Mohseny and the good-humoured, very funny Mahmud and her cerebral friend Sana Shahrinawaz and the other women who worked with them. Nor would I forget their little children who were paying such a terrible price for the wreckage the merciless regime had inflicted on the country. It was truly humbling to receive from women who need as much to be given to them. They had the grace to worry about the comfort of someone else's rags, out of a country that had become their prison.

In the land of *After Through The Looking Glass*, totalitarianism that seems to be everywhere in Afghanistan, I learned that the Islamic state provided penitentiaries for those who had few limits in the early occupation of Shatila. For sending the thief back to his family, for sending again, a thief. Then came Khan. He was quick to point out, "The thief receives an injection of anesthetic before the removal of the limbs and so it is painless." Not so for women who were sentenced to death by stoning for alleged illicit relations. There was no stoning their pain. In fact, the Taliban's Sharia stated that the stoned women were to be stoned as if to kill them quickly.

When I had brewed to the women I met during this voyage, their glowing analysis and wary descriptions about their lives under the Taliban gave way to darker realizations. With oppression and its barely audible whispers, they implored me to take their story to the world outside, to ask the

women in the world to help them. They said, "Get our schools open, get us back to work, or get us out of here."

In Feb. 8 I returned to the country on the heels of the U.S. bombing campaign that overthrew the Taliban. I wanted to find out what was happening to women in Kabul and to try to find Sharif and Fozan and the other women I'd met in Kandahar just one year earlier. The same scene was the first sign of change. Crowds of men and women walked on the street. While the war raged, women still wore burkas, change was clearly happening from the bottom up. Fozan to wear wedge-heeled shoes during the Taliban era, and forbidden to wear white socks or any other form of stockings that might attract attention, the women of Kabul were making a statement, feet-first. Platform shoes, high heels, garter-belt pumps were everywhere. And honey was patterned, coloured and very much on display. Even the burkas were as a young girl, displaying dimes. Harsh, formerly hidden were very much in evidence while women walked openly, talking, gesturing, and even requesting the thumbs-up sign to me when we passed on the street. There was a palpable air of excitement in the city—and music, which had also been forbidden, was playing at every little kiosk. Women were working again and not wearing burkas in the offices. Girls' schools had re-opened, and the students were trying to catch up on what they had missed. And the girls were wearing entrance marks to get back to university.

When I arrived in Kandahar, the shadows and laughter of children as they played the

same, a sound I had never heard during the Taliban occupation, where children were forbidden to play, even with their own toys. We drove to the Institute of Orthopedics and, to my surprise, the first person to greet me was Zahra Mijangil, my former fiancé. "Boat girls are waiting for you," he said jubilantly. Fozan, Sana, Torajay, Zarghoush and Reza. The reunion was wonderful, exhilarating, and very emotional. Everyone asked at once, telling me where they'd been during the American bombing, how they felt when the Taliban were defeated. And each one in turn shared her hopes for tomorrow. "Now we have freedom," said Fozan. "Every girl can go to school. We can watch TV, walk in the street. If a woman wants to wear a burka or not, she can. We can choose our own husbands and they don't have to have burkas."

Sana Shahrinawaz, who had been married just a month before we met in January, 2001, put her new baby boy, Taro, into my arms and said, "See what I did." The point had been scrubbed off the windows in their therapy department, and their wedge shoes replaced with fashionable pumps. Sharif Rana Mohseny and her six children could now have an education. Her daughter Sana, 15, who hadn't been to school in the years, said she wanted to be a doctor and take care of the sick people in Kandahar.

Life was looking very different from the ordeal they were living through when last we met. "The house is full of video cameras and music," said Sana. "People are singing and dancing. There are marriage ceremonies. We watch American films on television." The rapid-fire accounts of their lives then were told as though to amend the long years they lived as what seemed to be a prison. They told me they wanted to travel, to see foreign countries, to have peace and freedom. They wanted education, a modern lifestyle, streets and hospitals that functioned. They used to be afraid of everything, even the staff at this centre, even each other at times.

We had to and talked about families and promised to stay in touch. They posed for a photo with me and said, "This time you can use our family names and our faces. We're safe now. We're not afraid anymore."

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People Edited by Shonda Dezel

Our Lady Peace's day in the sun

After selling millions of albums worldwide and performing in a string of successful concert tours, Our Lady Peace was growing tired of the status quo. So last November the Toronto-based band escaped to Maui and the studio of its new producer Bob Rock—a search of a fresh sound. "It's just a magical place," says OLP front man Raine Maida. "We were totally isolated from family, friends, mismanagement and television. When we weren't working, we were surfing or riding mountain bikes. If we had been recording in Toronto, we'd be going to see other bands and just be intimidated by the music business. In Maui, nobody could get to us. There were no distractions and it was amazing."

The end product of the magical session is OLP's fifth album, *Giving*, which is due in stores June 11. Rock, who has worked with Aerosmith and Metallica, stripped away many of the band's cluttered musical layers to get at a clearer sound. "Bob just let the melodies roar," says Maida, 31. "We'd record a song, sit back and ask, 'Why isn't this sounding like everyone is hearing it on their heads?' Before we'd say 'let's simplify the drums,' or 'let's make this bass line simpler.' He was able to pull out what we didn't sound on albums like we do live."

Fact, fiction, frappuccino

Jennifer Kincaid is pretty serious when discussing her work. Most of the *Antique* book club's recent work is set in her hometown and she takes considerable effort to get the details right. Her latest, *My Mother*, is a historical romance on the biological father she never knew. Her father, the character, is an illiterate but clever who is loved by many daughters by different women and feels responsible to them. The heroine is one of those daughters, Elaine Cynthia Potter. Research—what is Kincaid not a nurse? So how much of this book is actually fact and how much fiction? "So little," she replies. "I was a nurse for years, but nobody would ask me if this is true. If it's true, there is a certain historical truth about people who are so vulnerable themselves," says Kincaid, 32, who lives in Vermont with her husband, canyoneer Allen Shaw, and their two teenage children.



Credits (from left): Mickey Melchior and Taggart

One member of the band wants to sit at peace with the process. During the recording, guitarist Mike Turner—who formed OLP with Maida in 1992 after meeting at the University of Toronto—left the group. "We wanted to make music of a rock record and Maida not that type of guitarist," says Maida, who adds that he and brother and band members, drummer Jeremy Taggart and bass player Duncan Cairns, harbour no hard feelings. After an onerous search, Turner was replaced by Steve Mason. "With Steve, we were like a small club band

that's ready to explode," says Maida. "It's really exciting to be playing, look over to my rights, see him, and find myself really inspired again."

Maida also found some rock 'n' roll inspiration in the struggles of Kevlar, the he and his wife, singer Chantal Kricheldorf, involved in long with War Child—an international network of organizations that helps young victims of war—Maida says his lyrics became "much simpler and to the point." Seems to look two cups ahead for this Canadian band to truly find itself.



"It does my biography but it's not about me and it uses my biography but it's not about me. If I wanted it to be about me and I wouldn't have called it a novel. On the part of the reader I expect them to accept what I have given them and ask me to validate my information or my right to do it." When Kincaid starts to get worked up, her glint becomes more pronounced. "Oh heavens, it's the one thing about globalization I like," she says, playfully. "I love Starbucks, everyone

should have it." Her Kincaid's tightened up and she's ready to discuss not just her book—which is difficult and beautiful, full of rhythmic language and new portraits of Antiquarian romance—but also her life. At age 32, Kincaid was sent to work in New York as an editor, 11 years later, she became a staff writer at the New Yorker. The credits reading for this book are: "I was in New York, I began to find a sense of self-possessed. I began if I couldn't read that I wouldn't have a sense of self a sense of being able to think about my situation, which is one of the things reading and writing can do for you. It makes you put into words what you see. I began to think that people can just read around at their will. I want to be an adult. I began to go to school, get out of being a housewife and begin to write." Now she's a professor of creative writing at Vermont where she poses as one beautiful place of solitude. "Just read everything."

REBEL BLOOD

BCE's new CEO will need to shake things up—just like his mother

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD

In her day, the late Laura Saba was never shy about poking establishment noses into a political outcrop, the founding president of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women in 1972 was a champion apostle of the status quo. Now her youngest child, Michael, has suddenly vaulted into the top job at BCE Inc., the blues of the blue chips—it's telephone giant Bell Canada's parent after all—albeit in one of its periodic slides from glory. Think goodness, shareholders may say, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

When 48-year-old Michael Saba takes the dais this week at BCE's annual meeting, he will be wearing his darkest suit, speaking in his most careful tones and doing his best to keep his elbows bent under control. Don't be fooled, he is truly the son-of-a-bitch son. In two previous incarnations, Saba took the lack of specific company, his distanced eye, and turned it into an asset. "If you want to know about water," he once said, "don't ask a fish." Ask instead, the one getting thrown in the deep end.

His first dunking was the GST. Somebody had to think that sucker through the figure out how to implement a new federal consumption tax across an unready and unwilling economy during the all-consuming 1980s. Might as well be the new kid in the Finance Department, you know, the one with the political science degree from Yale who had wanted to be an academic.

Then came a six-year stint as Paul Tellier's sidekick at Canadian National Railway Co. Just a couple of old civil service buddies fixing up a drinker. Actually, two



Michael Saba
contemplates power
on that day in April

pretty intense, frantically driven ex-bus-mechanics, who made a pig fly in one business book deal: it first by privatizing the former Crown corporation, and then by turning it into one of the most efficient railways in North America. "This was a business machine that business people were not able to produce," observes Stanley Hays, chairman of Salomon Smith Barney Canada Inc., a commercial banker, and a deputy minister of finance during the Brian Mulroney years. And in the course of producing it, Saba became, in Hays' view, "the quintessential CFO," a chief financial officer who was routinely sought after by other corporations for his strategic thinking. "And he doesn't even have an accounting degree," says Hays. "He's not trapped by thinking inside the box" because he hasn't been in any single place long enough to be in a box.

But he is now. If not all that much is known about Michael Saba—he's turned aside all interviews at least until he has met with shareholders and all his management ducks lined up—there is no shortage of speculation about what his

ghost (BCE) Saba has been at the telecom and communications conglomerate since October, 1993, coincidentally just a few months after mentor Tellier joined the BCE board. Saba started by running Bell Canada's international arm, at restaurants in phase and Internet companies in Asia and Latin America. But he was quickly moved up the ladder. By July 2000, he became executive vice-president of parent BCE, and in January was named its chief operating officer, the No. 2 (again) but clearly the heir apparent to the patriarch Jean Morin. Naive, however, thought the corporation would come at quickly as it did, at the end of April, when Morin unexpectedly lost a protracted battle with the BCE board, fell on his sword, and left it to Saba to pick up the corporate pieces. Pretty big pieces at that.

Bell's telephone operations were all doing well, aggressively grasping for market supremacy, in fact. But almost all its other big investments were coming apart at the seams. And BCE, then, the once-lucky haven of widows and mutual funds, had lost about a third of their value. The biggest

headache was Telelobe Inc., a state-of-the-art subsidiary that was grilling the world with fibre optic cables in anticipation of an e-commerce data boom that never quite materialized. By walking away from Telelobe in April, after what some estimate is a \$15-billion investment, and pushing it into court-ordered bankruptcy protection, BCE has scratched its red ink. But it has also lost its own set of overseas contacts and, more importantly perhaps, the parent company's withdrawal has really ticked off a long list of creditors. Which leads to headline No. 2.

At the end of June, a six-month window opened for SNC Corporation, Inc. of San Antonio, Tex., one of the more successful of the so-called Baby Belts in the U.S., to acquire BCE to buy back SDC's 20 per cent stake in Bell Canada for far market value plus a premium of 25 per cent. Or roughly \$7.5 billion. Green SDC's own ambitions—it has reportedly been sniffing around the fire sale possibilities of its former parent, AT&T, as well as Telelobe—must analysts expect BCE to have to come up with the money somehow. Doing so might also bring it face to face with the underpinnings of the Morin-induced, Saba-backed restructure, the so-called three C's: corporate, connectivity and (e-)commerce. This was the notion that persuaded BCE to go out and buy itself a television network, CTV, and a newspaper, the *Globe and Mail*, is going through its new-found Internet and Telelobe connections.

"This won't be his first priority," suggests Lawrence Sirois, senior telecom analyst with IDC Canada and a long-time Bell watcher. "But within six months to a year I can see Saba dismembering his media possessions. They make money. But for BCE that's money cheap change. And if you want to be a real convergence carrier, you don't want to be put locked in to your own guys, you want to be able to do deals with their competitors."

The end of convergence? Much too soon to say. Saba's first moves have been very cautious, moving his own executive up into place but no radical house-cleaning. The look is much more one of BCE's a one-handed connections. For a blue-chip operator, it has a history of buying the wrong stock at the wrong time. During the booming 1980s it added itself with real estate and energy appetites. Then, after selling, Norco Norwest Corp., in



Laura Saba was an establishment queen

manufacturing arm, two years ago it went on its Internet and media buying spree.

But in many respects, Sirois argues, Bell has been reinventing for much of the last decade, solidifying its hold on business and household telephone use in Central Canada, the Maritimes and parts of the West. "There has always been that question," he says. "What does BCE want to be when it grows up?"

You might say the same for Michael Saba. He's probably taken his talented ancestor as far as he can go. He's not the No. 2 any more, as he was at CN or even with the GST, whose his immediate boss

was tough-talking David Dodge, now the governor of the Bank of Canada. Saba's now the one in charge, not the "shit disturber" he once called himself who can afford to challenge everything that's on the table. By most accounts, an aggressive, quippy, likable guy—"looking as you have the chance to stand up to him," a former colleague says—even former opponents have nothing but praise. "He's brilliant, bulldoggy, but always courteous," says co-liberal minister Doug Young, who was his party's GST critic in opposition and then worked closely with Saba and Tellier on the privatization of CN.

So far, Michael Saba has slipped in under the radar. He's not even listed in the *Canadian Who's Who*. But his wife, Hilary Pearson, is, and there is a story in that. They met at the U of T, in their very first year and married in 1983 when they were both civil servants. She is the granddaughter of a liberal prime minister; he is the son of the financial fiend who ran for the Tories and routinely chastised Mike Pearson with all manner of political denunciations. An establishment marriage? Their daughter's name is Laura. E

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Condition critical

Canadians want fresh approaches to health care

BY CELIA WILNE

It's big, it's cumbersome. And even though Canadians spend more than \$100 billion a year on the health-care system, many say it's underfunded. "Medicare is like a big beam of plummy that is nearly cracked dry," says Ottawa GP Eoghan O'Shea. He's not off his first morning serious illness—chronic pain, hepatitis C, drug addiction, complications of diabetes and severe psychiatric problems—because specialists aren't available. "We are flying by the seat of our pants," says O'Shea as he wonders where all that money goes. The Canadian Institute for Health Information calculates health-care spending at 2001 as \$3,238 per person. Only three countries—the United States,

Germany and Switzerland—among the 30 in the OECD spend more on health care as a proportion of GDP. "What are we getting for it?" asks O'Shea. "Someone needs to tell us the government's bluff and say these services aren't there."

Just a few years ago, that might have sounded like high treason. None, Canadians are so certain their health system is crumbling they are willing to consider solutions that would have been unthinkable

A MINOR TUNE-UP WON'T DO IT

Percentage who see fixing the health system will take major reforms or a complete rebuilding.



during medicine's glory days. The fifth annual Health Care in Canada survey explores attitudes among 1,200 members of the public and 800 health professionals across the country. Asked what they think of slowing Canadians to pay to receive faster services from private clinics, almost half of the general public—47 per cent—reject the notion. But die-hard supporters of medicine may find it surprising that just as many—49 per cent—favour that two-tier approach.

Will grist for Sen-Schulz's premier Roy Romanow, whose Commission on the Future of Health Care in Canada will advise Ottawa means to make the public health-care system sustainable. On the plus side, just over half of poll respondents think Canadians are still getting quality care—but so in 10 expect it to worsen over the next five years. Their main concern stems to care, lack of funding and shortages of medical staff.

And even with spending increasing, the outlook just seems to get bleaker. In 2000, 51 per cent of respondents in the general public said their confidence in the system was falling. Last year it was 54 per cent. Now it's up to 58 per cent—including an uncaring seven out of 10 in B.C. Which may explain why fully three-quarters across the country say they expect a solution will cost Canadians even more. A significant 56 per cent even say they are willing to pay more—out-of-pocket or through a dedicated health tax—just to maintain the current level of care.

Experience has convinced some respondents there must be a better way. In 1998, at age 28, Calgary engineer Vicki Weyers was run-in-red in her car. Long waiting times meant the accident was a special for her sore back and neck. Instead, she says, she was repeatedly given prescriptions for painkillers and sent on her way. It wasn't until Weyers went on long-term disability in July 2000 that she got to see a neurosurgeon—thanks to her employer's insurance company—and learned she had a herniated disc and bone spurs growing onto a nerve in her back.

Her recovery, she learned, would have been much faster if she hadn't had to wait so long to see the specialist. So count her among those who think Canadians should be allowed to buy direct access to health services. "If there had been a way I could have paid to see a neurosurgeon quicker, I

would have done it in a flash," says Weyers, who's now back to work part-time. "If I can pay, it might give up a spot for someone else."

Most poll participants also believe a program of prioritizing wellness and preventing disease would take pressure off the system—even if it means diverting funds from curing services. Kelowna, B.C., physician Mark Fromberg estimates that lifestyle improvements—including, regularly, eating properly, maintaining stress and avoiding tobacco and other toxins—could prevent 30 to 60 per cent of illnesses. But the system generally provides few services for prevention, not for teaching patients to avoid services. "We don't have a health-care system, we have a disease-care system," Fromberg complains. "We do help we educate people before they need help."

In follow-up interviews, respondents repeatedly complained that too many people make unnecessary visits to their doctors. "I sometimes can't believe what people come in for," says Fromberg. He thinks it would be "insupporting" to add up the millions of dollars spent diagnosing sore throats each year. "The health-care system," he says, "is being misled-and-directed to death." Dick Young, 57, of Wiarton, N.B., a veterinarian who does Tai Chi, meditation and acrobatics gave up smoking, thinks people have to learn to take more responsibility for their own health. "They go to the doctor and want a quick fix," he says. "That's not wellness. That's just getting you through from day to day."

Among possible means of addressing systemic pressures, respondents generally like an approach already in effect in some communities: allowing some practitioners to handle relatively minor ailments without getting a doctor involved. A coordinated system response like that can achieve similar results, at a lower cost. Sixty-one per cent of the public, 60 per cent of doctors and—not surprisingly, in it makes better use of their talents—77 per cent of nurses like that plan. "Somebody else could do part of what I do, no doubt about that," says Dr. Bernard Séguin, a rural physician in Clarence Creek, Ont., near Ottawa. "In the long run, that would be cheaper."

Pressure on caregivers is one issue. Equipment shortages is another. Dr. Helen Nadel of Vancouver is one of a handful of

GETTING A FIX ON ATTITUDES

The fifth annual Health Care in Canada survey was conducted by the Toronto-based polling firm Pollara Inc. for the Mirkin, Quebec-based pharmaceutical giant Novartis Pharmaceuticals Canada Ltd. and a group of partners. A total of 2,000 people participated in the national telephone survey between March 27 and April 28. 1,300 members of the public and 800 nurses, doctors, pharmacists and health-care managers. Responses from the public were considered accurate to within 2.9 percentage points, 10 times out of 20. The margin of error relative to 1.0 percentage points for

physicians in the country who specialize in three areas—diagnostic radiology, nuclear medicine and pediatric radiology. Million-dollar-plus PET (positron emission tomography) scanners are the best way to diagnose and evaluate the brain. But there are no publicly funded PET scanners anywhere in B.C. So when Nadia's parents need a scan, she has to

tell their parents they can either pay \$2,500 for one at a private PET facility in Vancouver, or go out of province and out of country to get it. "There's only a week that goes by," she says, "when I don't say that to the parents of one or two children." If more money is the answer to health-care woes, are Canadians willing to spend the amount it would take to create the health system they want?

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It was the Brazilian footballer Pelé who decades ago dubbed his sport "the beautiful game." It stuck, on paper because the minimalist Pelé said it was so, but mostly because it is true. Football, our soccer, has speed, power, tactics and toughness. It captivates with individual genius or conservative teamwork. It may lack the public scrutiny that North American sports fans apparently crave, but that, too, is part of its beauty. It rules patience and demands creativity to break down opposing defenses; soccer games unfold rather than explode. This week's opening of the 2002 World Cup is a reminder, though, that soccer is also the universal game. Only 32 countries are still in the fight for the golden trophy, but a whopping 198 competed in preliminary rounds that began more than two years ago. And as the accompanying photographs from *Magnum Soccer* (Penguin Press) show, the sport is played everywhere by politically everybody, whatever their economic and political circumstance.

Which captures the allure of the World Cup. For a month, the hopes of people around the globe will rise and fall with every goal scored and not made. Even here, Canada didn't qualify, but there are plenty of other countries that soccer fanatic support. Tantalizingly, or agonizingly, it will come down to two teams in the June 30 final, and the entire soccer world will stop to watch. More than four billion people tuned in to broadcasts of the last Cup, in France in 1998, and that audience is expected to grow this year. Which is as it should be. "Some people think football is a matter of life and death," Scottish great Bill Shankly once observed. "I can assure them," he added, "it is much more serious than that."

James Desros



Kids playing at low tide in El Estero, Brazil, 1997 (Johannes Verbeke)



Mobs watching the Colombia-Ecuador game in Pereira, 1999 (John York)

2002 World Cup Korea/Japan May 31-June 30

Host cities in Japan: Yokohama, Saitama, Osaka, Shinjuku, Hyogo, Mie, Niigata, Fukuoka, Sapporo, Kobe

In Mexico: Guadalajara, Mexico City, Querétaro, San Juan de los Rios, Toluca

Countries entered in preliminary rounds: 198
Countries at World Cup: 32
Estimated worldwide TV audience: 1 billion



The game of the century in Argentina, 1986: The victory of Germany, 1986 (George Lawrence)



Ball control at Sinto Agostino Seminary, Bari, 1920 (Hans Negandhi)

Final round groups

A: France, Senegal, Uruguay, Denmark
B: Spain, Romania, Paraguay, South Africa
C: Brazil, Turkey, China, Costa Rica
D: South Korea, Poland, United States, Portugal
E: Germany, Saudi Arabia, Ireland, Cameroon

F: Argentina, Nigeria, England, Sweden
G: Italy, Ecuador, Croatia, Slovenia
H: Japan, Belgium, Russia, Serbia

Final champions: Uruguay 1930, Italy 1934 and 1938, Uruguay 1950, West Germany 1954, Brazil

1966 and 1968, England 1966, Brazil 1970, West Germany 1974, Argentina 1978, Italy 1982, Argentina 1986, West Germany 1990, Brazil 1994, France 1998

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Official mascot: "Neco" from 4 to 1.



Newton leaves Ontario's Shaw Festival. Casuality robust and artistically solid

FAREWELL TO SHAW

After 23 years, there's a changing of the guard at a festival showcasing the great playwright

BY JOHN DEMROSSE

Catechris Newton is sitting where he always does on the Shaw Festival's opening night, in the high box on the south wall of the Festival Theatre. Over the years, the actors on stage have grown to expect the sight of his silver-haired, bespectacled figure looking down on them, offering quiet support amid the uncertainties of launching a new show. Tonight, the members of Newton's company—a close-knit bunch who like to call themselves a family—are looking off the festival's 41st season with his own richly staged production of George Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*. As laughter rolls through the theatre, Newton grim

aces with pleasure. His love of the theatre seems as fresh as when he first arrived as artistic director 23 years ago.

That's a poignancy in the air tonight because this is Newton's last season as head of the Shaw, which runs every year in the pretty colonial-era town of Niagara-on-the-Lake. Once, a two-hour drive south of Toronto. The longest-serving artistic director in the country, he's also, beyond a doubt, one of the most successful. Despite years of government cutbacks, he leaves to his successor Judie Marcell, a financially robust festival and an internationally respected actor, memento with a reputation for vibrant, audacious productions of the plays of Shaw (1856-1950) and his contemporaries.

A few days before the opening, I dropped into Newton's office to chat with him about his departure. The English-born director sat behind a desk buried under books and papers, gesturing freely with his large hands as he spoke in his rambling, rather dramatic way about his plans. "What I'm looking forward to most about leaving this job," says the 65-year-old, "is telling the truth. As artistic director, you spend your whole life selling the imagination you've committed yourself to. It's your job to sell your vision of the place, if you've got one. So you don't actually confront the truth. You're selling an idea of what might be. I can't wait to be able to say of a show or an idea or a performance, 'There that!'" And Newton shows back his head and laughs heartily.

His first two seasons at the festival were so controversial that the good bughouses of Niagara-on-the-Lake nearly ran him out of town. The problem was, he'd taken their respectable dramatic hero, George Bernard Shaw, and scandalized audiences by introducing audacious productions of Shaw's *Man and Superman* and *Saint Joan*. "I was trying to

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Theatre

blow the cobwebs off what was possible here," Newton says. "I was trying to get that rather conservative little theatre to reject the rest of the theatrical world." It wasn't easy. The noted American Shaw scholar, Dan Lawrence, stormed into Newton's office and accused him of cheap criticism. "I practically threw him out physically," Newton recalls.

Newton has often acknowledged that, at first, he didn't value Shaw highly enough. But he soon discovered that under the riley, driving-roster surface of Shaw's play was a passionate, quaking intelligence with a great deal to say to contemporary audiences. He turned himself into one of the world's most original directors of Shavian drama: his great 1985 version of *Heartbreak House* is still talked about, with its Michael Levine set featuring a driving moon that uncannily grew larger as the first scene progressed. Even now Newton finds fresh evidence of the Irish playwright's relevance. He speaks excitedly of *Caesar and Cleopatra*'s portrait of imperialism in the Middle East. "These characters—these soldier politicians—they're saying things in this play that Ariel Sharon probably said yesterday."

For all his own faith in the relevance of theatre, Newton has grown into a self-described "conservative artist" who believes in connecting intelligently with audiences, as opposed to shocking them. In fact, the sentence at his funeral is rather grizzled, from the black-tie opening night ("one of the things an audience can do up show their respect for the work in front of them is to actually dress properly") to the marinated garden that surrounded the Shaw's main theatre (one of three). Then there are the program essays that carefully lead the reader into Newton's vision for the place, which is to show how Shaw and his contemporary playwrights reflected and helped shape the birth of the modern world.

And what of the shows themselves? Over the years, Newton's festival has tracked a lighter note than some might wish. It's true, the theatre has nudged—often successfully—some major work by some of Shaw's greatest contemporaries, including Chekhov, Ibsen and Synge. And director Neil Marshall's elegant presentation of the under-appreciated works of Harley Granville Barker has been a revelation. But Newton's main emphasis—aside from Shaw—has been on minor British plays



Newton, who directs *Caesar and Cleopatra*, has passed the reins to Maxwell



such as this year's 1935 social drama *The Old Lady* by Roday Ashland, or last summer's hit from 1905, *The Pirates of Penzance* by John Harker, which is being repeated this year. Such works, usually presented with brio and insight, have given Newton's festival its quite-English feel—in fact, his company has become expert at mirroring regional British accents.

A Canadian memorial, Newton bristles at any suggestion that the Shaw—which also does some American musicals and plays—is some kind of colonial implant. But at the very least it has a strong international Anglophone flavour, a reflection of Newton's career in the English-speaking countries that have evolved from the British Empire. After he hangs down, Newton, who shoots a local Regency-style coat with his companion, Nicholas McLennan, wants to write a book about the arts in New Zealand and Australia, and he remains fascinated by the United States as a breakaway part of the old Empire. "How do the

parts of the empire fit us?" he says. "What does the English language mean? The dream of the English language is one of the most extraordinary things in world history."

Down the hall, I find Jackie Maxwell struggling with the program on his laptop. An amiable woman of 46, the artistic director designate has a long track record that includes running Toronto's Factory Theatre for nine years. "I'm well aware of the size of the shoes I have to fill here," says Maxwell, who has two daughters, 13 and 10, her husband, actor Benedict Campbell. "But at the same time, I feel there's a wonderful organization behind me—people who must think I'm a classmate. I feel I'll go out on a limb that'll be good people out there with me."

Is Maxwell hinting that major changes are on the way? She measures her answer carefully. "Just as I've developed my acting company slowly and organically, I want to change things gradually. One thing we want change is the spirit of regional investigation the company brings to every piece they do." Besides the usual works by Shaw, Maxwell envisions staging more foreign-language dramas (to be performed in fresh translation by Canadian writers), more contemporary plays (including some Canadian ones) about Shaw's period, and perhaps more American drama similar to William Inge's *Pioneers*, mounted in a money production last year by Maxwell herself. "That piece played at a higher emotional temperature than the actors are normally used to be in," she says approvingly. "There's something wonderful about that emotional, over-the-top, 1950s American. It's a rich vein I'd like to explore further."

In the meantime, Maxwell is directing this year's Southern musical, *Merrily We Roll Along*, as well as Shaw's *Caesar*. And then there's the matter of her clothes. Maxwell fifteen owned what? Dresses, slacks and her trademark black leather jacket, but she feels the need for a new wardrobe for those fancy openings and encounters with corporate sponsors. "At the moment I think I'm worried about my clothes as about my own identity." On the season's first night the turns up in a simply tailored classical grey suit, and seems supremely at ease as the curtain opens, among various groups of theatre-goers and actors. The signal seems clear: Don't be believing, but Moon is poised to take charge. As far as anyone can tell at this point, the Shaw family remains in competent hands.



RIVIERA RENDEZVOUS

BY BRIAN G. JOHNSON in Cannes

You can always count on Cannes to deliver the incongruous. Woody Allen, dean of agoraphobias, climbs the red carpet amid a blaze of cameras. Guestilla. Elanorist Michael Moore, almost unrecognizable in a new suit, is

thrust by a scuffling Sharon Stone during a thunderous ovation at the end of *Bowling for Columbine*. Adam Sandler, the Jerry Lewis of our age, shows up at the start of an art film by *Magnum* star Paul Thomas Anderson. Allen, Moore, Sandler—it's as if *Amateurs* class dawns were lining up for bifocals at the

high altar of world cinema. *Revenge of the Nerds* on the French Riviera. But for me, one of the oddest moments in Cannes occurred at the Jack Nicholson press conference.

Nicholson, who gives the performance of his life in *About Schmidt*, Alexander Payne's masterful blend of comedy and



Powered by David Cronenberg and Atom Egoyan, Canada delivers a double whammy at Cannes

pathos, entertained the media with his courtship dangle. Then, at the session adjourned, and journalists swarmed the star for autographs. I felt a tug on the shoulder. A lovely woman in a cream sundress, sunnery hat and tinted glasses came up

so give me a hug, and a kiss. It took a moment to recognize Sandler. Oh, the Canadian actress who won Genies for *Double Happiness* and *Last Night*.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I'm here with Alexander," she said.

"Alexander Payne. My future husband."

Another case of Cannes convergence, and another instance of the ubiquitous Canadian presence in the current of world cinema. The 55th edition of the Cannes Film Festival (May 13-26) mixed what was arguably Canada's strangest show of force in the history of the event. The country's two leading filmmakers both presented features in the festival's main selection. Atom Egoyan's *Away* bowed out of competition, while David Cronenberg's

Despite mixed critical response, films by both Cronenberg (left) and Egoyan (in sunglasses) received standing ovations



Nickolaou (middle) gives the performance of his life in *About Schmidt* by Payton (left), but Moore's *American* film had the largest slice of Canadians at the festival

Spender died for the *Pâle d'Or*. And both movies, despite mixed critical response, premiered to prolonged standing ovations at the festival's 2,000-year Grand Lauréate ceremony. Also, in a sidebar program, former Quebec icon Carole Laure, now 58, drew a warm response for her feature directing debut, *Le fil de Marie*, in which she played a mother seeking a surrogate for her dead son. And Jesse Rostow's film debut, *The Stone of Italy*, was honoured as one of 11 films selected for competition from around the world.

But the movie with the most outrageously Canadian content was *Boiling for Columbo*—the surprise hit of the festival and the first documentary chosen for official competition in 46 years. Although Moore is an American, there's a large slice of Great White North in the film, trying to show how a cycle of violence emerged and racism has produced a far higher murder rate in the United States. Moore uses our possible largeness as a land of comic



straight shots. And *Boiling for Columbo* was produced by Michael Donovan of Halifax's Silver Screen Films. After the film premiered to the most raucous ovation in recent memory in Cannes, Silver Screen's Canadian parent, Alliance Atlantis, sold American distribution rights for \$3 million—beating the previous record for a documentary set by Moore's own *Roger and Me!* in 1989.

In frigid anti-fascist France, Moore's execution through gun-crutched America reached a nerve. And in the patriotic shadow of 9/11, it offered a galvanizing jolt of dissent against the Bush doctrine of

war without end. But Canadians, including, *Don't even*, were embarrassed by the film's caricature of them as mild-mannered folk who don't lock their doors and are free from indigenous and violent crime. Moore is not that naive about Canada. "I'm not making the film for Canadians," he told me. "I'm making it for Americans. But it should act as a warning to Canadians that if you continue to snip away at your social safety net, you're going to have more of the same problems we have."

For Canada the main event was the bizarre symmetry of Greenberg and Egozyan basking in gala premieres on successive nights. Together, the two directors have a tangled history at Cannes. As a member of the jury in 1996, Egozyan fought to award Greenberg's *Chalk* with a special prize for "audacity." Then, after winning two prizes in Cannes for *The Sweet Hereafter* the next year, Egozyan saw a jury led by Greenberg snub *Pelvis Juuwyon* 1999.

In the public imagination, the two directors are often lumped together as the essential pathologies of Canadian cinema. And there are curious parallels between their new movies. Both are memory films about the psychology of denial—with characters who reconstruct past events that have been blotted by trauma. Both movies are designed as intricate puzzles, stripping away truth and illusion in criss-cross layers. They're movies about stories. Finally, both concern characters who are haunted by dead parents.

Yet in tone and scale, the two pictures are as dissimilar as Becken and Barch. *Spade* is a spare miniature that takes place almost exclusively in the mind of one man, a paranoid schizophrenic played by Ralph Fiennes. Directed with immediate control, it's Cruiseberry's most restrained film, a chilly piece of Kafkaesque perfection. *Amer* is Egozyan's most expansive work, an ambitious weave of scenes about characters in contemporary Toronto grappling with the genocide of Turkish Armenians in the First World War. Juggling multiple viewpoints and time frames, it spins complex webs between the personal and the historical, and wrestles with the conundrum of trying to depict genocide on film.

By a *Bake of conscience*, it's as if the two directors have briefly swapped identities. Like Egozyan's previous films, *Pelvis*

Journey, Greenberg's *Spade* is an Oedipal drama of a boy's psychotic relationship with his mother, set in a English landscape of sexual repression, with images of blackened brick and industrial decay. Like Greenberg's *Chalk*, Egozyan's *Amer* arrived in Cannes on a tide of controversy. Turkey, which still refuses to acknowledge that it plotted the massacre of over one million Armenians, had protested the film. But, aside from a couple of rumbustious questions from Turkish journalists at the *three* press conference, the only real controversy was the debate over the film's artistic merit. (One Turkish delegate even asked Egozyan to bring his movie to Istanbul's film festival. Later, however, he privately told the director it could not play there without unattractive scenes being cut.)

With or without controversy, *Amer* deserved a prize for ambition. Unlike Roman Polanski's *The Piano*, which tells a straight story of Holocaust survival, Egozyan films the genocide through the refracted narrative of a film within a film. French singer Charles Aznavour plays Edward, an Armenian director shooting an epic in Toronto about the 1915 slaying of the Armenian town of Van—using it on an actual eyewitness account by U.S. diplomat, Clarence Uehler (Bruce Greenwood). After hearing a lecture by an art historian (Aurèle Khuajian), the screenwriter (Rita Bogdanian) rejects his script to incorporate Armenian painter Azhik Gorley (Simon Abkarian), and a famous portrait of his mother who died in the genocide.

As the madness of the drama is the art historian's son, Raffi (David Ajap), an 18-year-old production assistant returning from Armenia with cuts of footage. During a time intermission at the airport, he tries to explain the genocide, and the film heli working on, as a Canada Customs officer on the verge of retirement (Christopher Plummer). Further complicating matters, Raffi is the son of a terrorist who died trying to assassinate Tarik, the boy's sleeping with his stepmother (Marie-Josée Croze), a drug dealer whose father died mysteriously; and the Cannes man is estranged from his gay son (Brent Carver), whose lover (Ella Koppa) is an actor cast as an evil Turk in Edward's epic. That's not the plot, just its foundation. And although Egozyan balances the elements with uncanny grace, the sheer complexity of it all had some critics shaking their heads.

The post-premiere party for *Amer* took place down the cone from Cannes, in the location Hotel du Cap. Ironically, a movie about genocide is being fired at a resort that once served as headquarters for the puppet Vichy government in Non-occupied France. But, away from the maddening crowd of the Côte d'Azur, this is where the Hollywood elite—and *Amer*'s Canadian producer, Robert Lacroix—prefer to stay during the festival.

On a cliffside terrace overlooking the Mediterranean, as champagne flows and a jazz band softly plays the night air, Egozyan talks about the thrill of the creation that



gazed *Amer*. "The response we had tonight is something I've seen a few other films get in Cannes, and somehow I'd convinced myself that my type of movies don't get that sort of response. But to suddenly feel the power of that was overwhelming."

Amer is Egozyan's ninth feature, and it marks the culmination of a personal narrative that the 41-year-old filmmaker traces back to his adolescence. Born in Cairo to Armenian parents, and raised in Victoria, he was comforted by his mother when he was 18 and freshly enrolled at the University of Toronto. "I was a completely assimilated kid. Then suddenly there were these Armenian terrorist attacks in the late '70s. I was completely flummoxed by that. It just tore me apart. One of the attacks happened in Ormeau, and I couldn't reconcile any sense of what it was to be Canadian with these people from the other side of my heritage. It was a very potent issue for me, and I wanted to represent that."

Across the terrace, the director's young discovery, Ajap, chats with his Armenian

Amer's young production assistant is at the core of Egozyan's drama, while 09 is in France with her future husband, Payton



parents. Although he had virtually no acting experience, this post-need student at the University of Toronto ended up playing the movie's pivotal role after casually applying for work as an extra. And in his intelligent face, you can see how Egoyan might have seen a reflection of his own innocent passions as a Toronto student. But *Alpay* appears unfazed by all the attention now swirling around him. He's just as happy to talk about his experiences with race in his human biology course as he is about the film. And he claims to have no ambitions to continue acting. Planning to enter the fourth year of an honors program in the fall, he says, "I've moved too much into it to stop."

Egoyan, meanwhile, still seems overwhelmed by his own peculiar success. As the party winds down, Miramax mogul Harvey Weinstein invites him to meet Martin Scorsese in the bar upstairs. "I couldn't believe it," Egoyan reports afterwards. "He'd actually seen my film—I know he's a devoted cinephile. But still, he's seen some film on video, and then was intrigued enough to watch them on film."

Scorsese was in Cannes with Leonardo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz to show a 20-minute preview of *Gangs of New York*—and to arrange financing that has \$US37-million epic was in trouble. The preview was impressive, even if its epic bombast sometimes almost raises skin on *Titanic* than to *Mean Streets*. Later, pandemonium erupted among the mob of journalists fighting to get into the *Gangs* press conference. And Weinstein, denouncing the Miramax production against all the groups, bewailed the media with a profane tirade, claiming that his movie, due out at Christmas, is *Not*, unlike "all the shit you see from goddamn Hollywood with some sort of nepotism bouncing off the walls."

Ridiculous like Egoyan and Cronenberg can make a more credible claim to artistic purity. Even with relatively modest budgets—*Alpay* cost \$15 million, *Spider* \$18 million—both films are a tough sell. *Alpay*'s subject matter is daunting. And *Spider* is so grim and obscure that, even with stars such as Fierres, Miranda Richardson, Lynn Collins, and Gabriel Byrne, last week it had failed to lure an American distributor.

Despite Cronenberg's notorious affinity for bugs of all kinds, there are no spiders in the movie which British writer Patrick Mc-



Diaz, DiCaprio and Scorsese come to show a preview of *Gangs of New York*; with Sharon Stone (below), they did their part to up the Hollywood glamour quotient



Grath adapted from his own 1990 novel. *Spider* is the name of the central character (Fierres), a schizophrenic released into a halfway house who tries to unravel a childhood trauma surrounding the murder of his mother (Richardson). "I'd rather see wallpaper than insects to give you the interior of *Spider*'s mind," explained Cronenberg, who shot the film's interior in Toronto. "And I mean that literally, because the wallpaper is real English dark moldy wallpaper imported from London." He also resisted the temptation to film the grotesque hallucinations in the book. "I thought, 'Why don't we do it with acting, since we had some really good actors.'"

In a shape-shifting performance that recalls the virtuosity of Jeremy Irons in Cronenberg's *Dread*, Richardson actually plays three characters. And Fierres cruises intimacy with barely a word of dialogue, instead he manifests fearfully, and scarily kryptically: code into a journal—an implied text considering that the character in the book is an arachnid narrator. "There's a sense in which *Spider*

is the archetype of an artist," says Cronenberg. "He seems to understand what he's writing. Perhaps no one else can. So he's an artist with an audience of one, which sometimes I can identify with—there's *Spider-Man*, and then there's *Spider*."

Lately, patron saint to both Cronenberg and Egoyan, recognizes the "widering schisms" between Hollywood franchises and cinema's cutting edge. But he senses "unmixed there's a market for intelligent, original, provocative films." Lately is producing Cronenberg's next feature, *Prezident*—about a performance artist with a high pain threshold—and predicts it will be "extremely provocative."

Nowhere is the gulf between the movie industry's two extremes more dramatic than in Cannes, the one place where the obscure gems of world cinema are celebrated with full pomp and ceremony. The festival's real run were not the Sautets and DiCaprios, but fiercely independent directors such as Finland's Aki Kaurismäki, who enchanted audiences with *The Man Without a Past*, Palestinian Elia Suleiman, who offered an absurdist satire of the Middle East conflict with *Divine Intervention*, Britain's Mike Leigh and Ken Loach, who represented proletarian realism with *Abel and Noah*, and Steven Soderbergh—and Nicholson's working-class hero, Michael Moore.

Nicholson, however, is the one superstar who can make an honest claim to belonging to both worlds. Before his career took off with the 1969 premiere of *Easy Rider* in Cannes, he used to struggle B-movie roles into France and peddle them in the Cannes market. And that's where Cronenberg got his start, selling *Possession* (*Silence*) far from the red carpet.

Last week Lee Demarbre, a 30-year-old Ottawa filmmaker, was busy flogging a horror movie in the Cannes market called *John Clevis Vampire Killer*. The tag line: "They no longer fear the sun... but now it's time to fear... THE SON!" To publicize his campaign, Demarbre staged the mock crucifixion of a lesbian vampire on the beach. "I brought a 16-ft. collapsible wooden cross," he says, explaining that he packed it in a ski bag. Canadian cinema, it seems, always has some kind of cross to bear, but at least it's done it with imagination, and audacity.

Real Mike G. Johnson's story beats the Cannes festival

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Literary life support

A publisher makes the case for government aid

The April collapse of Jack Stoddard's General Distribution Service, which distributed books for 65 smaller publishers, is the latest crisis in rock the perennially fragile Canadian book world. Critics have pointed not just at Stoddard's business practices but at the entire web of government programs that support aid, they claim, distort the industry. At the controversy's core, Michael's asked Scott McIntyre, president of the Vancouver-based publishing firm Douglas & McIntyre—one of the companies affected by the GDS closure—is writing this essay.

BY SCOTT MCINTYRE

The Smead and Dineen surrounding the recent self-unwinding of the General Publishing group of companies has caused a flurry of publicity, full of euphoric criticism, many innuendoes, and a typically Canadian underlining of an extraordinary success story—the building, almost from scratch, over a period of a little more than 40 years, of one of the world's great literary cultures. For all the angst of current circumstances, there is a better story to tell than the one we have been hearing lately. I join the fray with my introductory report

of our American colleagues, having given 500 per cent over the past five years. Books on First Nations art and culture sell in Europe, Asia, and Latin America with their sophistication and subtlety. Poets shun over the latest Canadian literary discoveries. London and New York routinely applied the achievements of Canadian writers, and Canadians take more than their share of the world's most distinguished literary prizes. To achieve that in one of the developed world's smallest, most difficult domestic markets represents an extraordinary victory.

Even this much-divided species, the Canadian publisher, has a pretty good track record: in three decades, just a handful of out-of-control handouts have gone bankrupt. Compare that to such high-tech, well-oiled, pure, or pulp and paper companies. And compare our record of achievement against the scale of public investment to that of any number of companies in the above sectors.

The writers would still defend us. Stories are the R&D of the soul, and the pride Canadians feel in the truth of our history, and our achievements, is passed from generation to generation fundamentally through the written word. Canadian writing and publishing is worthy of considerable celebration. And the scale of public investment is small, compared to the scale. On average, Canadian writers have an annual income equivalent to a McDonald's cook. Yet together we have transformed the Canadian imagination.

Public policy has been an essential ingredient. To those who whine about the "waste" of public resources, I say that when your children come home from school empowered by learning that our communities have heroes when we discover that our artists, scientists, astronauts, explorers, athletes, and, yes, writers, are changing the way the world understands us, when we read in the New York Times, yet again, that our country has a resource which suggests an alternative to violence in the streets when the world laughs at that self-mocking Canadian humor which is one of our many gifts in the places—when all that happens, just already has, we should shout from the rooftops that the Canadian experiment has been worth every penny. And the written word is the catalyst.

Let's consider the fallout from the current General Publishing circumstance. Yes, public servants responded to a difficult situation by taking a risk. A decision by a

majority (Shells Coppel) and her senior people to offer financial aid (recall that some 65 Canadian publishers and several thousand Canadian writers were able to survive a crucial Christmas season, and absorb the loss of the necessary restructuring in the Canadian retail environment). Remember that a distinguished Canadian book (Scottish) also chose to believe, and stand that risk.

Without our culture, we're invisible, without faith in ourselves. Canada has defied the odds precisely because we have sufficient faith to have endured in the face of domestic and international anarchy. It's public policy that has made a telling difference. We have actually had the wisdom to invest in our future.

One of the aspects of the current environment is that many of our stars are now published by multinational companies. Some people think this somehow diminishes those smaller companies that nurture young writers. In fact, those Canadian companies, which publish some 85 per cent of Canadian books, have consistently launched fine young talent that has gone Canadian literature the international market to larger-bigger money. The fact that some of our writers live in cities that is wonderful. But the success they get is only the broad underpinning of risk-taking pioneered by smaller companies—precisely those companies now in jeopardy.

The General Publishing situation is a trap for everyone involved—but it's only one corporate entity. In apparent domestic demand represents either a failure of public policy, or a waste of the decades spent building a national literature against great odds. From the perspective of these Canadian publishers who are currently owed some \$6 million—who are now owing in the wind, many with their houses on the line—the situation could be resolved by an amount of money roughly equal to an hour of interest on the national debt.

And after 40 years of fair and responsibly administered public policy, now this: matched by the private capital and sweat equity of a great many publishers, it is unreasonable that we will even contemplate self-destructive, let alone corrupt, it.

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Straight from the horse's mouth

Even by the elastic standards of surrealized films, where audiotexto dance and loony discourse on ideology, *Spun* (Warner) *Spun: Stalkers of the Conscious* is a strange beast. For one thing, the animals in this tale of a hen's struggle to be free don't talk. Apparently that's because of the long shadow cast by Mr. Ed—in director Kelly Asbury says, "the reason you have a horse speak, it's a comedy." So *Spun*'s head commences in a series of neighs, whistles and clicks that were recorded in stables. Fine, except *Spun* itself, who's far smarter than the average human—capable,

even without the benefit of opposable thumbs, of blowing up an entire railroad—narrates the movie. In Matt Damon's voice, no less. That leaves the puttering impression (but he's the world's only talking equine. No wonder *Spun* is the first animation to star a horse).

Nor is there any question where *Spun* fits along the sliding spectrum of American Western mythology, which both celebrates and lambasts untamed, frontier muscang/best. Industrial/petty good; railroad/bad, cavalry/very, very bad. The horse soldiers are so mean—and the film's

producers so devoted to their vision of a kinder, gentler Wild—that they abandon a wounded mare to die, rather than dispatching her with a bullet (In *Spun* they most definitely don't shoot horses.) And the sensitive might want to bear in mind that minimal dialogue means more, far more songs—lots more songs—from Bryan Adams.

But forget about the squeals of pendant adults. This is a story kids can embrace. It will be a rare child who won't identify with *Spun*'s desire to run free, or with his loyalty to the one human who befriends him, a Lakota Sioux named Little Creek (Daniel Studi). The action is fast-paced and exciting without being terrifying. And James Cromwell, the kindly farmer from *Babe*, may well add another note of familiarity by playing the voice of the villain, a menacing, Custer-like colonel, as a central-figure school principal. The animation, while not nearly as seamless a blend of hand-drawn close-ups and computer-generated backgrounds as the production being, is plenty gorgeous. Maybe a horse didn't really step the railroad, any more than children can escape adult authority for long, but a kid can always dream. *Alissa DeBruce*

Codes of war, codes of love

What happens when a once-famous rockstar goes fornic with a once cutting-edge TV producer to make a movie? Actually, not much—a lot, not much coming edge wise. But then Mick Jagger, who co-produced the wartime thriller *Rescue* with Louise Michael, has long been wrung of his iconoclast credentials, as has Michaels and their less-than-the-fine from Jagger's company, Jagged Noise—is apparently said. Not that it's bad. When you bring together talents like screenwriter Tom Stoppard (*Shogun* and *Love*) and actors Jeremy Northam and Kate Winslet, you're bound to end up with something watchable, even riveting. Just don't expect that old jumper Jack Flash.



Rescue: Northam and Winslet

Rescue is set in March, 1943, when Nazi U-boats have changed the code they use to communicate among themselves and with their commanders. Code-breakers at Bletchley Park are frantically cracking the Enigma code because an Allied convoy carrying supplies across the Atlantic is vulnerable to

attack. They re-enlist Tom (Dougray Scott), a brilliant mathematician who's been sidelined by a breakdown after being doped by Clive (Sullivan Bassett). In pursuit of the mysterious beauty, who has since disappeared from Bletchley, and investigating a security breach, he teams up with Claire's roommate, Hester (Winslet). Cranking up the tension is secret service agent Wigmore (Northam), while on the lookout for a mole.

It's easy to get lost in the labyrinth of bulletins, espionage and betrayals. Worse, the movie has a black hole at its center in the brooding, opaque performance of Scott. Winslet adds some life as a plucky, proto-feminist, and Northam is compelling as the enigmatic Wigmore. But *Rescue*'s renaissance with Claire, and then Hester, seems awfully contrived. *Rescue* is best when it focuses on code-breaking; the Enigma-movie would have been better off reversing their generational reliving cry and making a movie about war, not love. *Patricia Morley*

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Where old jocks go to die

LYING on the ground, deep beneath a pile of players fighting for a loose ball, I tried to convince myself it was only a sprain. Yes, the snapping sound—something between a dry twig and a fresh celery stalk—was worrying, but the pain really wasn't that bad. Maybe I had twisted it, or torn ligaments. Once I got to the sidelines, I could ice the ankle, tape it, maybe come back and play the second half.

The swelling that greeted me once I got my cleat off put paid those notions, but I still managed to deny the obvious. Almost 24 hours later, I headed my wife's insistence that I go to the emergency room. The doctor didn't wait for X-rays to make his diagnosis: "Oh yeah, that's broken."

My pride took the real hit. In 15 years of rugby, I had been hurt before, but never in such an inglorious manner—crushed in the first five minutes of the first game of the pre-season. I found a summer of dragging around on crutches, then hobbling as a walking cast, providing time to reflect on the message the bigger, younger opposition forward delivered when he drove me into the turf: I began to consider a dirty truth: at 33, I might be too old for this stuff.

Most people have career sports behind at the end of their school days. As their waitlines fill out, they graduate to more sedentary pastimes—curling, yoga, golf. Even hockey gets turned down a notch. Bodychecking is a penalty in the ice league I play in, and if guys crash into the boards during our weekly pickup games, it's usually because they've ripped over their dragging tenguas.

There were plenty of reasons to consider a graceful withdrawal from the field. I realized I'd reached an age where pro athletes turn into "wily veterans" and start thinking about a career in real estate. I've lost a couple of steps over the last few seasons, and the rugby pitch is getting longer and wider. For a while, I thought there might be something wrong with my technique when I jog in the fully paid-by-your-house, unwill-to-reload it's the force of gravity on my increased mass. And—perhaps even more painful—my chest hair is turning gray.

Ninety minutes of huddling and being tackled each Sunday takes an enormous toll. Some Sundays, it's all I can do to lift my arm off the coach and point the referee's control. And home runs to frozen-on employees who arrive for work on Mondays with a black eye and clot marks on their face. Then, there are subtle pressures at home: "I'm not coming to visit you when



you wind up in hospital drooling on yourself," my wife is fond of warning.

The other side of the ledger was harder to fill out. I've never been sure how to answer when people ask why I play. Yes, it's good exercise, but there are easier ways to get a workout. "It's fun!" echoes the sort of diaphanous logic people reserve for fans of basketball, the headless goat polo that is the national sport of Afghanistan. I suppose in the end it's the same inexplicable proof that drives mountain climbers and people who race cars: the combination of physical challenge and looming destruction clears the mind and pumps adrenaline. And truth be told, there is some deep, nihilistic corner of our brains that still derives pleasure from

opening a can of whoop-ass on an opponent.

Over the course of the winter, the ankle started feeling better. It now makes the same grinding noise as the other one (which I taped to shute a decade ago), but it seems to have regained most of its flexibility. I made it through hockey season without re-injuring it. As spring approached, I started to reconsider a rugby comeback. "I'm going to give it," I told my wife, brushing off her suggestion there might be a relation between beer intake and waist size.

So a couple of weekends ago, I found myself on a football field at a Toronto high school, contemplating cowardly and trying to stretch my hamstrings. The businesstimes disappointed when I touched the ball, just as always. The tackle and nicks left the usual scrapes and bruises, but no permanent disfigurement. We won, 50-14.

After the game, I stood in the warm spring sunshine chatting with a friend, a fellow journalist, on the opposing team. He slammed his chestbone and eye socket into a game a couple of years back—four months before his wedding. "The scars were barely visible," he says. He's still married, still playing.

I sat and watched our first team (average age 28) play. They galloped the length of the field, chasing the ball and dishing out hits. One of our young, fast guys lunged across the goal line for a try, dragging two opponents on his back. Twenty-one cheers and laughter from the sidelines. I pulled out my checkbook and paid my annual dues.

Maybe just one more season.

Nathan's National Correspondent Jonathan Gitterhouse struggles up and down the field each weekend for the Toronto Nationals.

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